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Schweppshire LADS

J. R. B. D. PENNIWELL

The story of J. R. B. D. Penniwell, the actor, has a happy ending, though it is not generally known what this is. His early training admirably suited him for the stage. With parents in Simla, a great-aunt who was a Lady-in-Waiting, and a prep school overlooking the exact right piece of the East Sussex coast, it was not surprising, with his initials, that he played cricket during his year at Cambridge for the Ice Cream Cornets; though his total name more closely suggests his secondary aspiration, which he achieved when he played lawn tennis—actually men's doubles, if rather base line—in the first County meeting after the War.

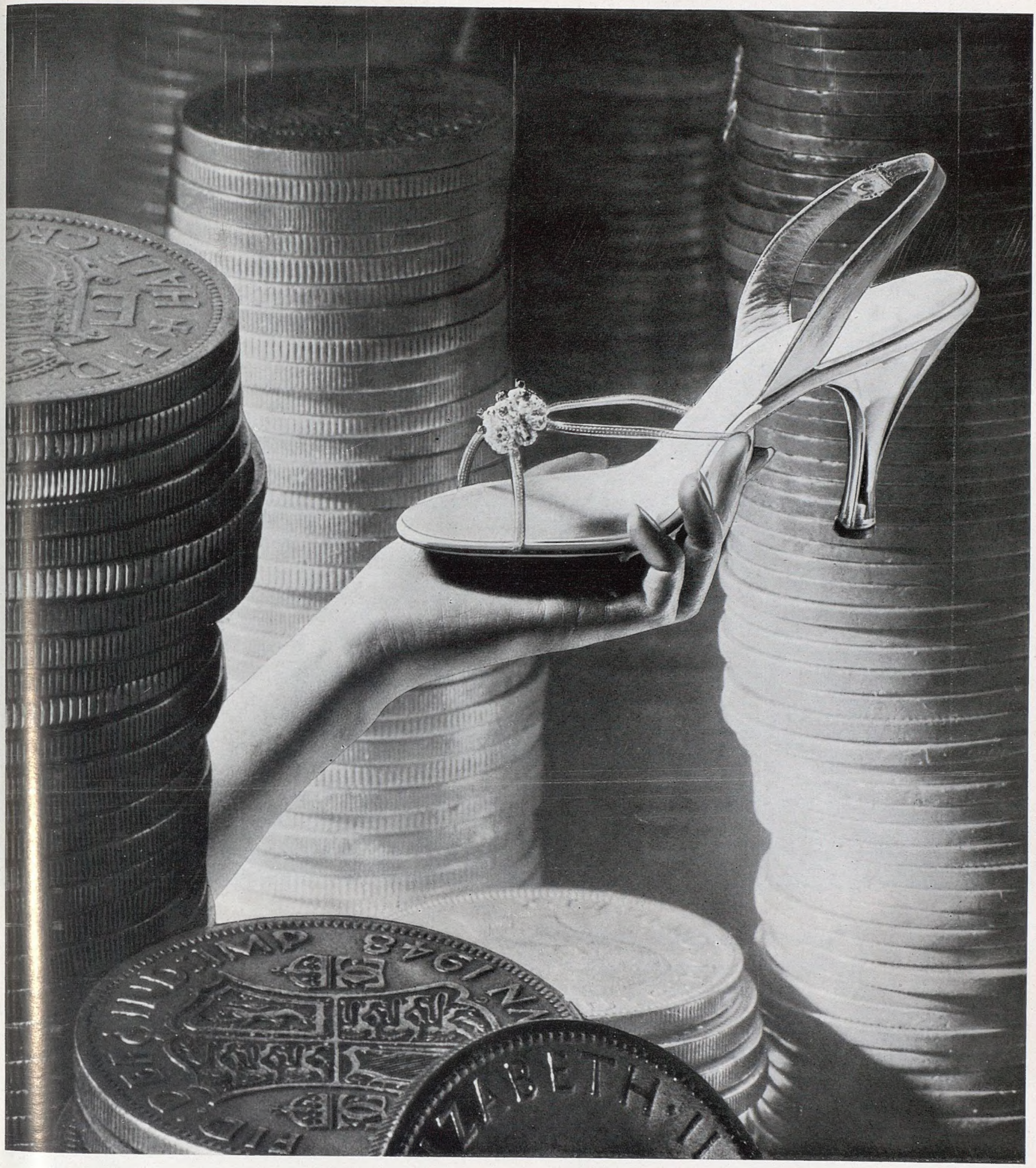
Obviously destined for straight stuff, he was offered, after 6 months' training in Basic Movement at the Boltons Academy, a part at the Haymarket Theatre, where he appeared in the last five minutes of *Murder by Proxy* as the very sound young man who in fact actually did it.

He was so sound and young over such a long period that he was asked to be sound in Beverly Hills where he rented a house, a replica in stucco of the cottage of a Normandy fisherman which his agent advised him to convert into an imitation of a Somersetshire tithe barn.

But as time passed it seemed to him that he was becoming so generally recognised that nobody ever actually remembered his name, and it made him discontented. He suffered from irrational fits. He took a dislike to his stage friend Overman, who though totally unsound had been born practically in the wings of the Old Marquess Music Hall, O.P. side. He made attempts to do unsuitable things. He took the part of Kant in a Third Programme dramatised biography of this philosopher. But it was not until he played the part of King Lear for six weeks at the Coldmarsh Repertory Theatre, at a salary of £4.15 a week that he was genuinely mentioned in the Sunday newspapers, and finally accepted not only as an actor, but as a man whose blood, besides being blue, reeked of grease paint as well.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



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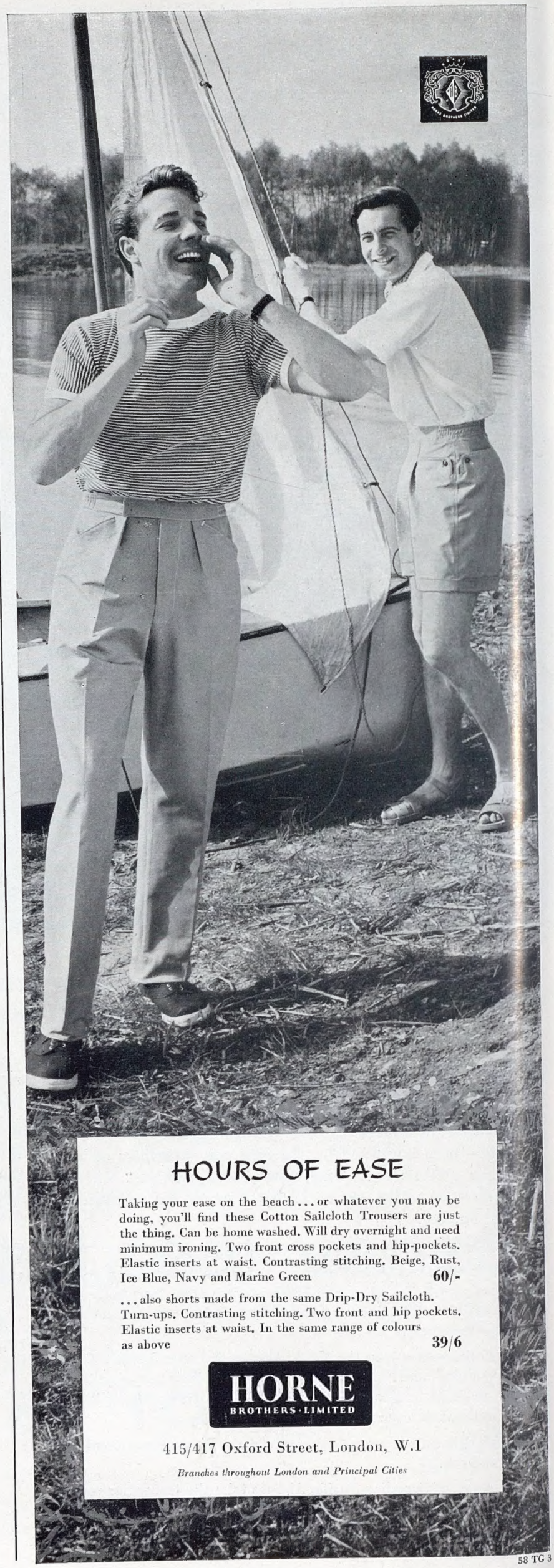

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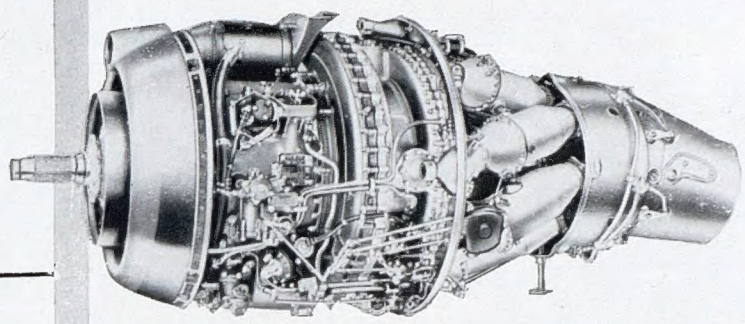

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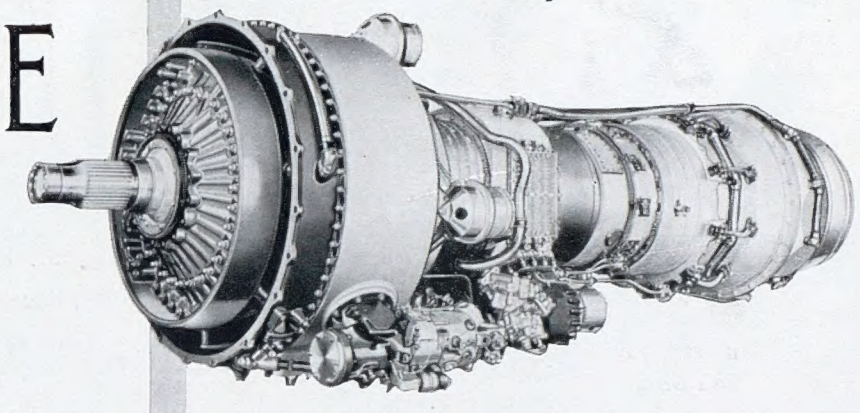

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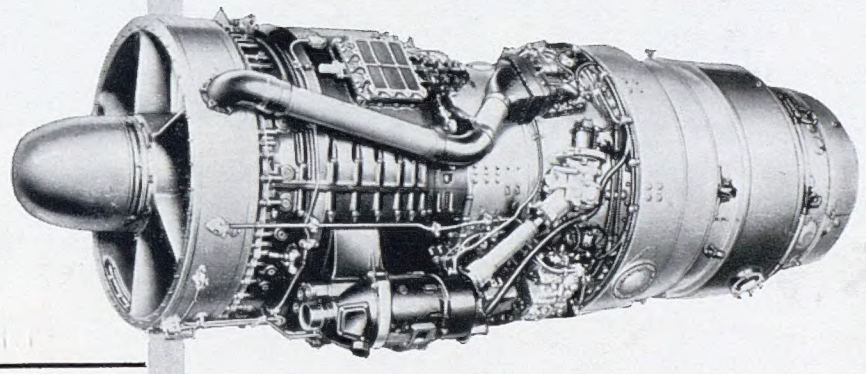

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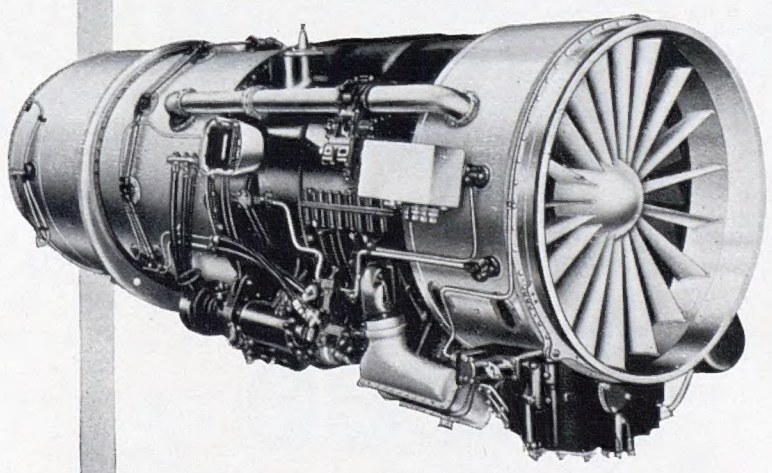

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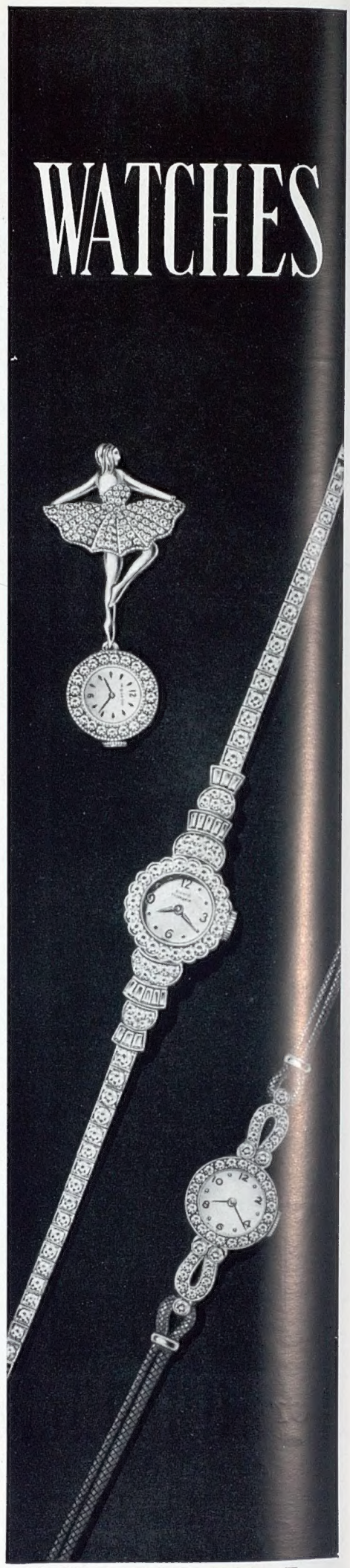

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Volume CCXXXIII No. 3038 The SPHERE, London, June 21, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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PARATROOPS FOR CYPRUS TRANSPORTED FROM BRITAIN BY THE R.A.F.'s HUGE BEVERLEY PLANES — MEN OF THE 16TH BRIGADE GROUP EMPLANE AT ABINGDON: A few hours later they reached the island where the Group had been sent as a "precautionary measure" owing to the communal rioting and the tension between Greece and Turkey on the eve of the British Government's declaration of its plans for the future of Cyprus. The airlift from Britain was completed early this week.

Towards the end of last week the British authorities reacted firmly to the spreading disorder in Cyprus. First it was announced in London that a parachute battalion would be flown to the island. Within twenty-four hours news came that two more battalions were to follow by air. With their essential supporting forces, these three battalions form the 16th Parachute Brigade Group, totalling in all 3,000 officers and men. The first paratroops landed in Cyprus on Saturday last, to find Nicosia under a total curfew following days and nights of havoc in many parts of the island. At the same time Greece and Turkey were understood to have received the British proposals due to be announced by Mr. Macmillan on Tuesday last. It was reported both countries had turned them down. In Turkey there had been widespread demonstrations demanding partition for the island and in Greece there was talk of an appeal to the United Nations. These were only some aspects of the tense situation in the Eastern Mediterranean which was more than usually in ferment. In Lebanon the civil war had again flared up and battles were raging in Beirut. (Further pictures from Cyprus on pages 426 and 430.)

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AN ARMOURED REVIEW ON SALISBURY PLAIN: Tanks of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, the 10th Royal Hussars and the 8th Royal Tank Regiment pass the saluting-base during a review of tanks and armoured vehicles. It was the biggest armoured parade held in this country since before the war and the salute was taken by Major-General G. C. Gordon Lennox, G.O.C. 3rd Infantry Division. Over eighty tanks took part in the parade, which was watched by pensioners from each Regiment from the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Holding the Baby.—Mr. Macmillan's overseas progresses have been unlucky in one respect. More than once they have occurred in a period of crisis when the Premier's presence in London might be regarded as vital. I suppose it is fair to say that a crisis in our industrial relations still existed on June 6 after the Premier had made his latest contribution to a settlement on the eve of his flight. I don't know whether his plane, which decided to turn back, was attempting to imitate Balaam's ass. Mr. Butler is an experienced baby-sitter and once more held the baby as his chief became airborne. In the past years, France managed to survive, and even prosper in certain fields, for long periods without a Government of any sort. It has never been like that in Britain, and until lately a Premier's presence on the bridge was regarded as so important that even a trip to a German spa during a very minor crisis has been criticised as dereliction of duty. All that has changed. Modern communications have reduced oceans and continents to the dimensions of rivers and shires, and Cabinet colleagues can exchange views as quickly and easily 5,000 miles apart as if they shared the same table. Moreover, international issues have dwarfed domestic issues. You have only to read the biographies of the G.O.M. and of "Dizzy" to discover how parochial these political giants appear beside the often lesser giants of to-day. Still, there was a crisis of a sort when the Premier flew away, and I doubt not he made several anxious inquiries of his baby-sitter as to how the infant throve during his absence. No one can doubt that his talks with his old friend may have important results very far removed from parochial.

Doing the Splits.—The political expert of a Sunday newspaper last week discovered two more "dangerous splits" among leaders of the Shadow Cabinet. If these fissures have a way of joining up to enable others to be noticed seven days later, they provide ephemeral hope for Tories and Liberals. This time it was the T.U.C. (*pars major* of the Shadow Cabinet ?) which had grossly snubbed Mr. Gaitskell. Mr. Gaitskell had done all he could, in the House and out, to back Cousins and the bus strike, while the T.U.C. had "utterly repudiated" Cousins and Gaitskell. This is a shattering blow to Mr. Gaitskell, or would be, if the facts are indisputable and not open to the charges of exaggeration and partiality. Next, Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan had split apart again over General de Gaulle. Mr. Bevan in an article had revived all his former hatred of de Gaulle, Mr. Gaitskell has announced that de Gaulle, right or wrong politically, is the right man for France in her crisis. Why has Mr. Bevan once more launched out on independence after months of obedience to his chief? Because he has "independent means" with knobs on. This wizard of politics is as pure in his disclosures of the private means of V.I.P.s as he is sure of their political twists and turns. And he tells us that Mr. Bevan's and his wife Jennie Lee's annual earned income is now nearly £12,000 gross. We may be sure of other disclosures not less important next Sunday.

National Wage Structure.—There must be many like me who would like clearer guidance, based on more exact and authoritative knowledge, as to where their sympathies should lie with the parties to strikes, official and unofficial. The P.R.O. of a Government department is assumed to be an honourable agent who puts fairly his department's case before critics among the public. The men who strike or are ordered to strike have no P.R.O. satisfactory to the public. Their case is put either by their unofficial or official strike leaders, and naturally enough the public assume it is one-sided. The existing national wage structure is a constant puzzle to the public, which cannot understand the relative importance attached to this job or that in the national welfare. Is it true (or is it mere propaganda) that unskilled labourers who work at porterage or in the docks are capable of earning by hard work, and sometimes by merely "clocking-in," as much as £25 in a week? In the docks, one can appreciate the complexities created by the handling of many types of cargo, and the need for a guaranteed living wage (since ships may be delayed), but how came it that the rewards of porters and dockers attained so high a level in comparison with other important services? How comes it that a skilled radiographer at a hospital can hope for no more than £485 a year while an unskilled porter may earn as much as £1,000 and sometimes much more, a salary which many a parson or University lecturer or school teacher would regard as beyond his wildest dreams? A docker's P.R.O., with the authority of a Civil Service departmental P.R.O., might do much to clarify what to me is one of the most astonishing anomalies in our social life. Why is it that many thousands of unskilled members of one sprawling and enormous union have for so long been suffered to be a law unto themselves? I can never hope to see the acceptance of a new national wage structure, but I should like to be assured that under present conditions, the battle is not always to the strongest voice nor the race to those whose labour is of the most instant and material national importance.

Birthday Honours.—The Birthday Honours were perhaps a little less exuberant than usual in hereditary titles. The first batch of Life Peers are still to come. There are two baronies from the Prime Minister's List. Mr. Oliver Poole receives the fit reward of his services to the party machine and joins his successor in another place. The other Baron is Sir Ellis Robins, honoured for his services to Rhodesia. His photograph recalled to me Oxford days in 1904. He was the first Rhodes Scholar from Pennsylvania and he became a British subject a few years after leaving the University. I am ashamed to have remembered so little of his useful subsequent career in the Army, in business and in Rhodesia. There is the customary ration of baronetcies—Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Macmillan have persistently revived and recruited that (to-day) somewhat illogical museum-piece. If there is an heir to succeed, it merely bestows one more unnecessary unearned title in posterity. If there be none, a knighthood would serve the purpose better. The Knights Bachelor received about thirty-five recruits from the usual sources, M.P.s and useful servants of public boards and institutions, and men who have done good work in the public and political life of English counties. Sir Osbert Sitwell was promoted C.H., while in the fields of sport Mr. Matt Busby, of Manchester United and Munich fame, received an honour none the less popular because expected. The stage is strongly represented, and horsemanship and track cycling not forgotten. In short, this embarrassing and difficult business, which falls to be carried out twice a year, is open to less criticism than it sometimes is, stereotyped and all-embracing as it has long become.

"All Honourable Men?"—The haphazard way in which bills are drafted nowadays and passed into law contrasts oddly with the meticulous care of former days. Many comparatively trivial and some vital considerations are not even considered or debated before a Bill becomes law. The Life Peerages Bill was a case in point. A month ago or more in the "Newsletter" I observed on the fact that no one knew or apparently had considered whether it was intended that the children of the new life peers would follow the Law Lords' precedent and receive the courtesy title of "Honourable," and whether the Fountain of Honour would be content to create life baronies or might create viscountcies or even earldoms for life. No doubt these points have now been made clear to the first persons approached, if not to the public at large. No doubt, too, they are trivial points.

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THE MANY HISTORIC ISSUES OF "THE SPHERE": nneth More, the film actor, reads a copy of *The* here for April 27, 1912. In it was reported the king in the Atlantic of the liner *Titanic*. Mr. More s a leading part in the film *A Night to Remember*, hich deals with the disaster. Produced for the Rank ganisation by William MacQuitty, the premiere is on ly 3 at the Odeon Cinema in Leicester Square, London.

WORLD TREASURES OF CENTURIES: The view is of some of the pieces on display at the Antique Dealers' Fair opened at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, by Princess Alexandra. The Fair is graced by loans from the Royal Family, chief among them the famous suit of armour made for Henry VIII at Greenwich about 1535, lent by the Queen.

le "Honourable" can be discreetly hidden and gilt ball or two distinguishes a viscount from a It is otherwise with the eldest son and the ers of an earl. But "Honourables" leak out and uite well embarrass the sons of life peers whose es among those who still "feel" class distinctions. eek (I was amused to read) a correspondent raised nt in *The Times* as a totally new discovery. Reluc- accept that no one reads my words of wisdom, ny stand on a repetition of the charge that Parlia- y Bills to-day are very slovenly drafted and badly ed in the House. How futile are compromise which will not break away from dead traditions ecedents. There is a type of Tory mind that will e rid of top-hats, tails and titles. They cannot e a civilised existence without them.

cties or Box-office?—All too often the est matches in this country have raised the ques- nether it is not more fun to watch village cricket. second day of the Birmingham Test, the New d team made seven runs in the first hour and d 1½ runs an hour before luncheon. No doubt ere excuses for a young team facing Trueman and never more accurate; but the wicket was quite t times and these were the same men who hit so at Arundel at the end of April. Our own mature id little better. They made 40 runs in 1½ hours, ing me of Saki's depressing view of cricket as a "Two inches of rain had fallen for 7 runs and it ought that the excitement killed him." No doubt nd his men were more concerned cket tactics than with "box-office," New Zealand XI bowled and fielded eat heart. But when five days are to Test matches against a "good side," a tendency to spin things early benefits receipts on which cricket generally greatly depends. s it? In the long run cricket fans nd more exhilaration in following forms of sport than five-day Test ny of this description. One over, by Graveney, was a case in point. ived five balls low and wide of the np and let them all go by. The as on the wicket and he put his bat I fear we all take the business of cket too seriously.

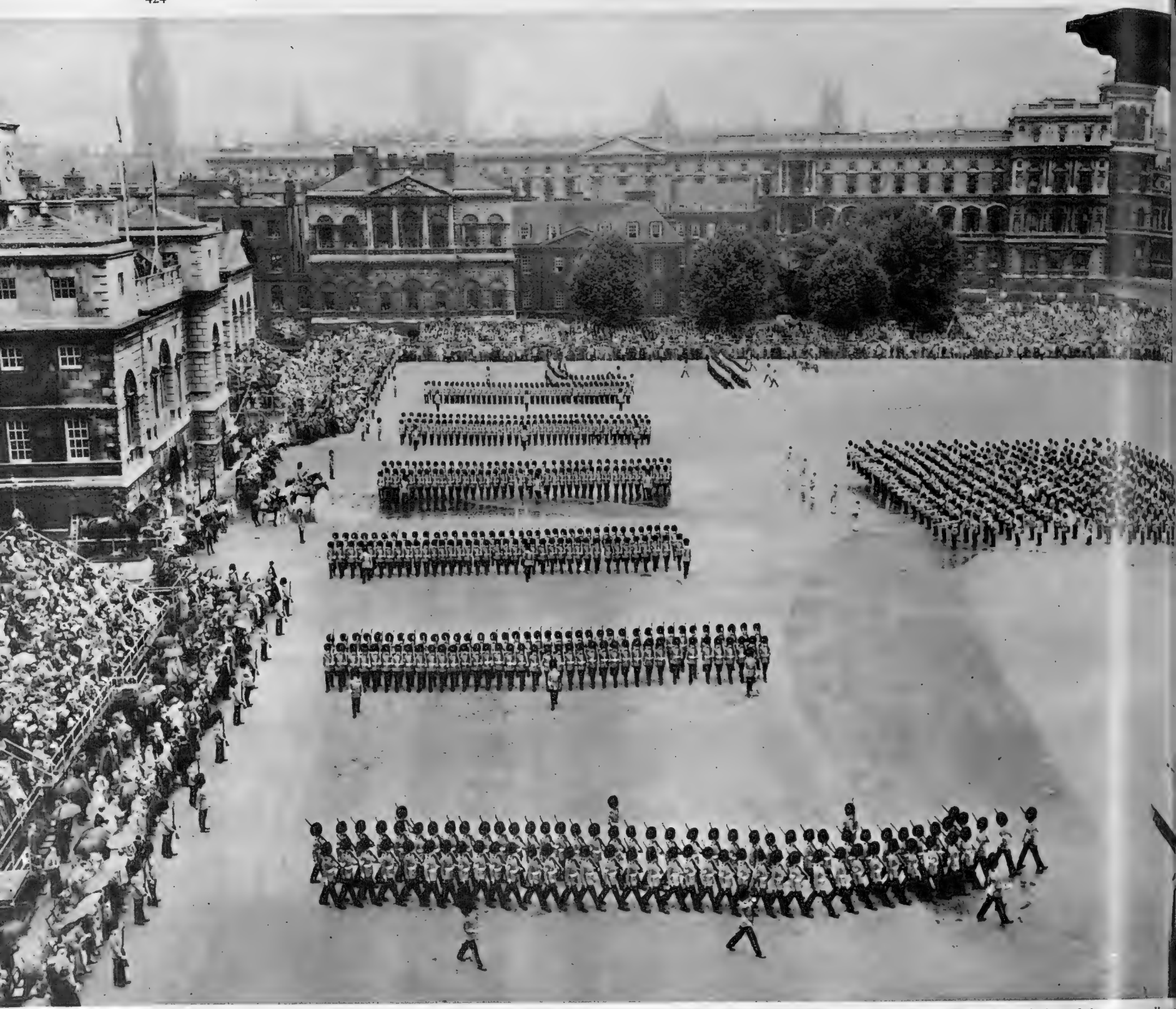
eservation and Destruc-

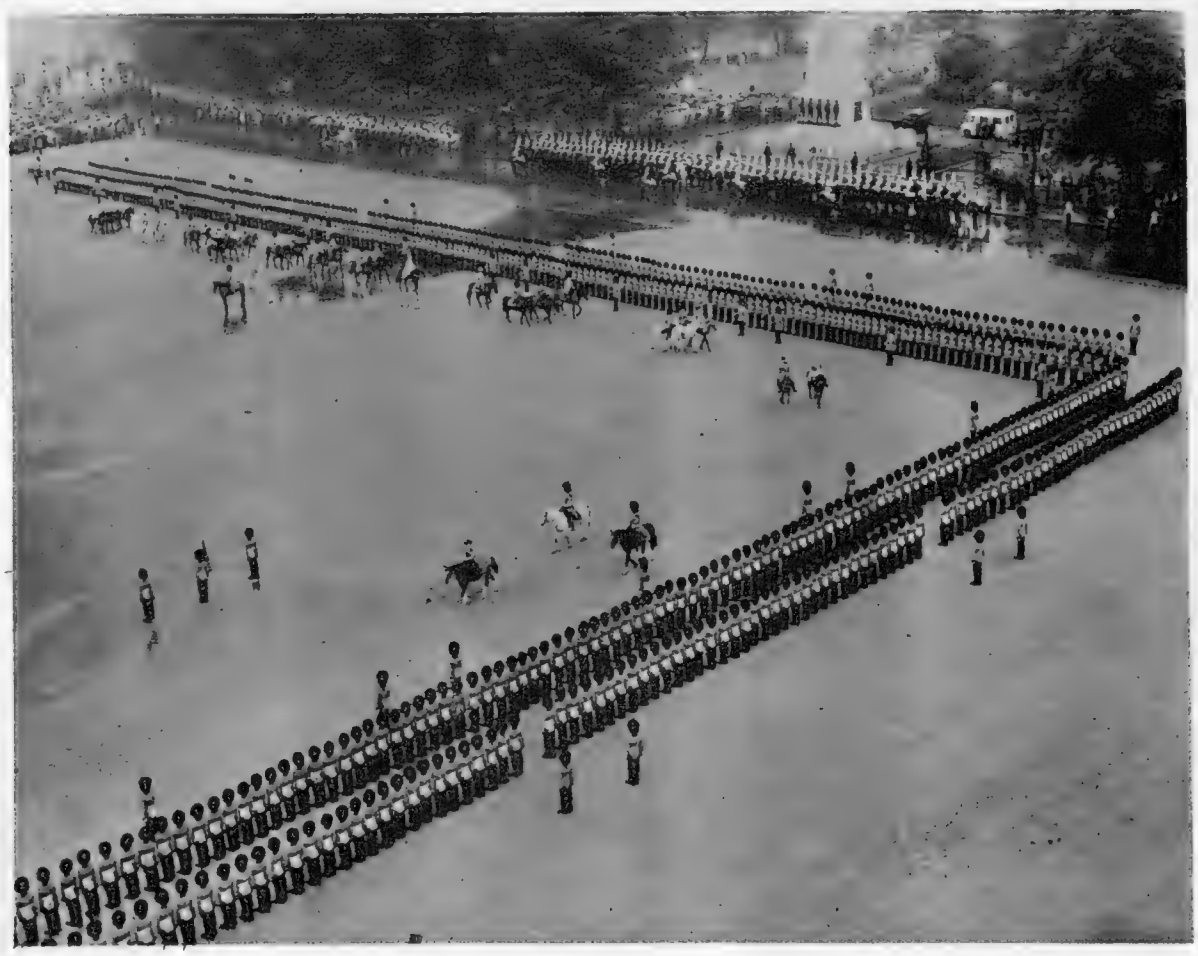
—We are indeed in a "period of on." True, we always are and always but perhaps our periods of transition before occurred in such conditions ddlemindedness as to-day. We umise" ourselves with one hand in blic purse; we modernise ourselves e other. We look upon this picture that in one single issue of our news- We see a broad slash across miles ellent farming land sacrificed to make the necessary speedway from London to York. And we call it the road to starvation. On the same page we read a bitter protest against the withdrawal of public funds to assist a project which would perhaps secure the "aeronautical supremacy" of our country while a promise of £250,000 of public money is offered to preserve Oxford's historic buildings. You can multiply these contradictions every week. This muddlemindedness is not the perquisite only of the Government. It is a national weakness. We cannot agree on what we want; we cannot agree on what we need. For my part, I would rather preserve the city of dreaming spires and the home of lost causes than achieve the international crown of aeronautical supremacy, and I would rather travel slowly across the England of John Caldecott than speed along an embanked autobahn. But have I reverted to the governess cart and resisted the conveniences of speed? Have I plumped 100 per cent. for preservation and "museumisation"? No; I draw needed dividends from the equities of "live" and up-to-date industries and rely on a motor-car. We can't have it both ways. In our muddlemindedness we are agreed only on one fact. Our island is too small to hold our population and still too weak to enable all sorts and conditions of our people to lead the kind of life they prefer in it.

"Othello" in a Garden.—The Steep Shakespeare Players every summer perform a Shakespeare play in the delightful open-air theatre in the lovely garden created by the late Lord Horder at Ashford Chace, near Petersfield, under Stoner Hill. I never fail to see their plays and have never been disappointed. Nor in their long record since 1923 has any performance been cancelled by bad weather. This year they have ambitiously chosen *Othello* and will play it between August 13 and 16 at 7.15, with matinees on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. It is an apt choice, since Cyprus is in our minds and there are many street scenes in Venice and Cyprus suitable for an open-air theatre, while the vital scenes staged in rooms in the castle can no doubt be contrived, for the stage is small and intimate. It will be a very interesting play to watch in this setting, and since the garden is as lovely as the theatre in it, lovers of beauty will do well to note the dates and book their seats from No. 1, The Square, Petersfield. "*All things shall be well. How now, Roderigo?*"

A JEWEL SALE AT CHRISTIE'S: The scene in Christie's saleroom when a pear-shaped diamond, nearly 36 carats in weight, was sold for £27,000. The diamond is one of the biggest of its kind to have appeared in the sale-rooms in recent years.

Speaking for the Dukes.—The thirteenth Duke of Bedford certainly works hard to keep the flag flying over Woburn and to liquidate the debts to the Exchequer in his grandfather's and father's estates. Their deaths occurred in 1940 and 1953, and astronomic millions remain to be raised. The Duke leaves these damned dots to his trustees and accountants in their wrangles with the Treasury. His chosen part is that of showman for Woburn and sometimes as mouthpiece for other dukes whose palaces still survive; but whether as chosen mouthpiece I cannot say. If he is not an expert on his estate liability problems, neither is he altogether reliable on his family history. His pamphlet on Woburn is inviting enough for all tastes, ranging from art treasures to paddle-ponds and pets' corners, but he is a little shaky on his forbears. The ninth Duke was called Hastings, not Francis. The tenth Duke was called Sackville, never George, I think. The eleventh was not at Eton, nor in the Coldstreams. Not that these small inaccuracies matter much in the skiffle business, whatever that may be. But it "wouldn't have done for the (eleventh) Duke"! THE OLD STAGER





TAKING THE SALUTE: A general view of the scene on Horse Guards Parade as the Foot Guards swing past Her Majesty, who is seen on the Metropolitan Police horse Imperial, a few paces in front of the Royal Dukes. In accordance with tradition, the march-past of the Guards in column was performed in both slow and quick time. After this part of the ceremony the parade was re-formed and the Queen led the Guards back to Buckingham Palace. This year's ceremony of the Trooping the Colour will undoubtedly be remembered as pageantry in the rain, for almost throughout the entire proceedings heavy rain persisted. It did not, however, deter the people from flocking to watch the Queen's Birthday Parade. Furthermore, it did not eliminate the splendour and military precision of the Trooping the Colour ceremony. The Queen's Colour of the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards, was trooped, and of the eight guards (each of three officers and seventy-six men) on parade the first four were provided by the Scots Guards. The Queen was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, as Colonel of the Welsh Guards, and the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Scots Guards and senior Colonel of the Brigade of Guards.

TROOPING IN THE RAIN

The Spectacular Ceremony to Celebrate the Queen's Official Birthday

On left—

THE QUEEN'S INSPECTION: Her Majesty rides past the assembled guards on her way to the saluting-base. She is wearing a dark blue riding habit, scarlet tunic, blue sash of the Garter and tricorne hat. Like her soldiers, the Queen wore no cape.

HE CEREMONY: From the balcony, the Queen and Princess Anne wave to the vast crowds which had assembled front of Buckingham Palace while the Duke of Edinburgh watches. *Right*—Her Majesty, seated side-saddle the chestnut police horse Imperial, rides along the rain-soaked roadway as she approaches Horse ards Parade. Immediately behind her are Prince Philip on the grey, Alamein, and the Duke of Gloucester.

RY IN THE RAIN: The view, taken from the roof of Buckingham Palace, shows the Queen, with the Royal Dukes on each side, taking the salute at the centre gate at Buckham Palace. Crowds have lined the pavements to watch the Guards march round the Queen Victoria Memorial and past Her Majesty. After the Queen had taken the ute, the massed bands of the Guards played while the new guard was mounted. Because of the weather a fly-past by R.A.F. Javelin fighters was cancelled.

AIRLIFT TO CYPRUS

British Paratroops Flown as Reinforcements to the Eastern Mediterranean

ARRIVAL ON THE STRIFE-TORN ISLAND: The first men of the 16th Parachute Brigade Group to reach Nicosia alight from a Comet of R.A.F. Transport Command. The paratroop reinforcements had been requested by Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor.

A FINAL INSPECTION BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF: A N.C.O. with full equipment inspects a trooper who is also heavily loaded and carrying a rocket-launcher at Lyneham Air-field, in Wiltshire. Most of the transport aircraft flew to Cyprus by way of Malta.

THUMBS UP AND SMILES—SOME OF BRITAIN'S CRACK TROOPS READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY: In the roomy interior of a Beverley Transport, paratroopers are in cheerful mood as they wait to fly from Abingdon. Most of the men of the Parachute Brigade are regulars and many are "veterans" of the Suez and other campaigns. The presence in Cyprus of such highly-trained and specialised troops could only contribute to hopes of a speedy restoration of order and help towards stability in the Middle East.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TED NATIONS OBSERVERS ON THE LEBANESE-SYRIAN FRONTIER: From the left they are Major Agnar Strandberg (Sweden), Major Mauritz Mollersward (Sweden), Major Caffiero (Italy), Lieut.-Colonel Maurice Brown (New Zealand) and Major Rafaele Poggioli (Italy).

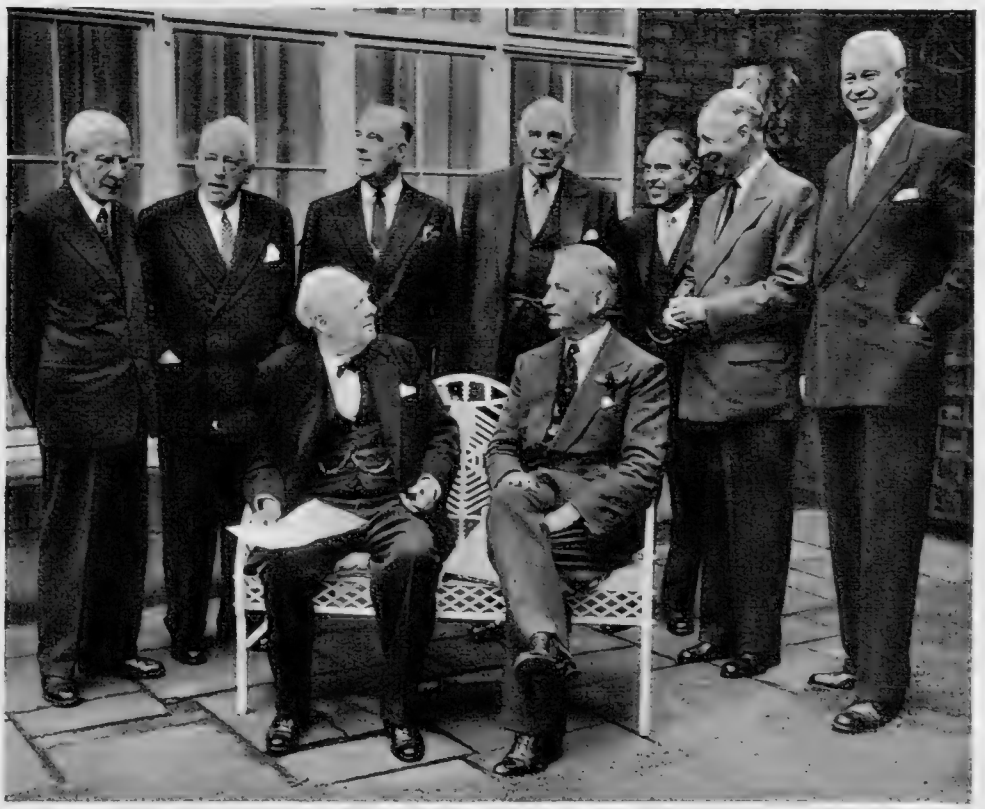
REBELS PREPARE FOR ACTION NEAR BEIRUT: Armed with rifles, they are taking up positions by a railway line on the coast of Lebanon. Throughout last week-end street battles raged in the capital between Government forces and rebels who had barricaded themselves into certain buildings. On Monday it was reported that Government tanks and armoured cars had gained the upper hand—at least, temporarily. Both the British and the American Embassies were understood to have made arrangements to evacuate their nationals should the situation deteriorate. On the Lebanese-Syrian frontier the United Nations officers for the supervision of the border had arrived in accordance with the resolution of the Security Council, and Mr. Hammarskjold was expected to visit his observers early this week.

PRIME MINISTER OF GHANA IN MOROCCO: Mr. Nkrumah, sitting second from the left, is received by King Mohammed of Morocco in the Royal Palace in Rabat. On the King's right are the Crown Prince Moulay Hassan and Mr. Anekai, Director of the Cabinet of the King. Sitting with Mr. Nkrumah is Ahmed Balafrej, the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Morocco. The Prime Minister of Ghana had arrived in the Moroccan capital for a three-day visit as the guest of King Mohammed at the Palace. Morocco is one of the key countries in the present complex situation in North-West Africa. Its policy is based on good relations with the African States of the West of the Continent as well as with the Arab lands in the north-west.

On left—

M. SOUSTELLE IN PARIS: He arrives from Algiers, having been summoned to the French capital by General de Gaulle. After seeing the Prime Minister, M. Soustelle, who played a prominent part in the recent events in Algeria, was reported to be informing other members of the Government about the situation in Algeria. His own political future was a matter for great speculation.

'LITTLE GENERAL ELECTION": Mr. Brian Batsford, the successful Conservative candidate at the Ealing South by-election, is congratulated by his rivals, Mr. H. Garside (Labour), on the left, and Mr. P. Skelsey (Liberal). The Conservative held the seat with a majority of 6,159 over the Socialist, who in turn was 5,302 votes ahead of the Liberal. Ealing South was one of the five by-elections in the "little general election" last week. None of the seats changed hands, the Government also retaining Weston-super-Mare and Argyll, and Labour Wigan and St. Helens. As usual, political pundits drew their conclusions from the results according to their convictions.



SIR WINSTON WITH HIS FELLOW TRUSTEES OF THE PROPOSED CHURCHILL COLLEGE FOR CAMBRIDGE: Sitting with him in the garden of his London home is Lord Tedder, Chancellor of Cambridge University. Standing behind, from the left, are Lord Adrian; Sir Alexander Fleck; Lord Godber; Viscount Chandos; Mr. J. R. Colville, Deputy Chairman of the Appeal Committee but not a trustee; Lord Knollys, Chairman of the Appeal Committee and also not a trustee; and Professor Alexander Todd. Sir Winston is chairman of the trustees, who are appealing for funds for a new college to be built at Cambridge and named after him. One of its main purposes would be to increase scientific and technical training. The meeting at Sir Winston's house was held to review the progress being made with the appeal and to consider reports from sub-Committees concerned with the construction and administration of the college.

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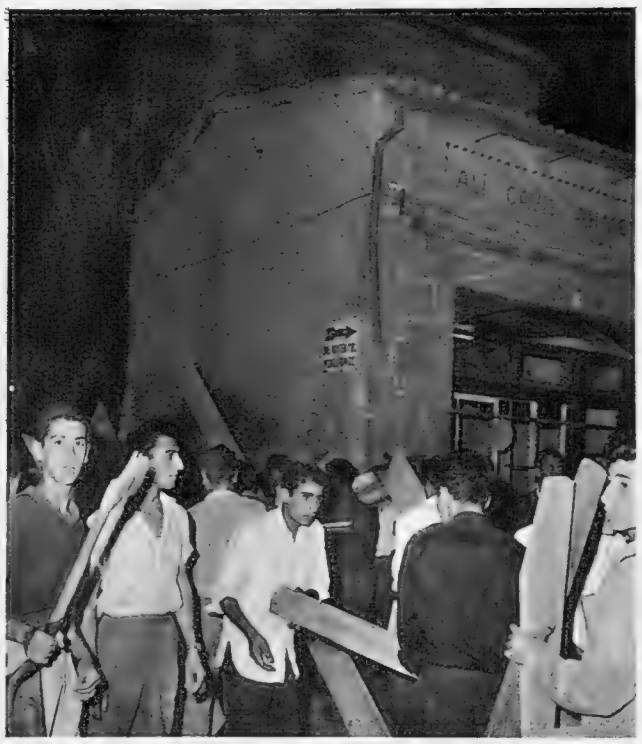
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AFTERMATH OF RIOTS AND ARSON IN CYPRUS: Police help firemen bring the flames under control in the ruins of a building in Nicosia set on fire in a night of savage violence when members of the Turkish community attacked Greek Cypriots.

IN FEAR OF ATTACK: Greeks who live near the Turkish quarter in the capital of Cyprus bring their belongings from their homes and load them on to a lorry. They were evacuating from this area because they feared further attacks from the Turkish community.

In the days preceding the announcement of the British proposals for the future of Cyprus it was hoped that calm would prevail on the island. Instead there were outbursts of violence—some of the worst for many months—and they were caused not by the Greek Cypriots but by the Turks. The reason was Turkish belief that their insistence on partition for the island would not be met in the British plans. In one night of havoc in Nicosia a Turkish mob rioted through the streets, burning and wrecking Greek buildings. Similar disorders were reported from other towns. At least four Greeks were killed throughout the island. In the ensuing days street battles continued between the rival communities. On Friday of last week it was announced that owing to the deteriorating situation a parachute battalion was to be flown from Britain to Cyprus.

What was so ominous about the situation was that the Turkish Cypriot violence seemed to have the approval of authorities in Turkey itself. In Istanbul tens of thousands of people demonstrated against Britain and Greece and shouted for "Partition or Death." A statement from the Turkish Foreign Ministry declared that the Government supported partition.



PREPARING TO MEET TROUBLE: *Left*—Church bells have sounded the warning and young inhabitants of Nicosia's Greek quarter grab pieces of wood to repel the expected Turkish invaders. *Right*—A patrol of British security forces stands by a barbed-wire barricade with a wrecked building in the background.

TROOPS CALLED OUT IN ISTANBUL: Tanks and troops armed with bayonets are on guard in Eminonu Square. They had been summoned to assist the police in dispersing the mass demonstrations which marched towards the British and Greek embassies after gathering for a vast anti-British and anti-Greek rally in the square. The speakers, among whom was Dr. Kutchuk, leader of the Turks in Cyprus, demanded partition for the island.

"CYPRUS PARTITION OR DEATH"—A VAST CROWD VOICES TURKISH FEELINGS: Shouting and carrying banners with slogans directed against Britain and Greece and stressing that Turkey would accept only partition for Cyprus, men and women have rallied in tens of thousands to the demonstrations in Istanbul. Speakers declared that there was no possibility of the Turkish and Greek communities living together on the island and that all Turks were ready to die for their Cypriot brothers. These angry outbursts took place while Turks in Cyprus ran riot—only a few days before Britain's proposals for the island were expected to be announced.

World Affairs

Nationalism and Patriotism

By JOHN CONNELL

THE crisis in France did not leave Britain unaffected. Some curious and significant reactions to it were noticeable among the thinkers and spokesmen of the Left. Not only did they preposterously misinterpret de Gaulle's character, outlook and motives and then blandly avoid even a hint of recantation or apology, but they were—genuinely, one must suppose—shocked and repelled by the demonstrations of French patriotism in both Algiers and Paris. That their disapproval was a projection on the French scene of their feelings towards British patriotism I have regretfully little doubt.

It has been borne in on me for many years that there is a vocal and influential minority in this country the members of which actively and insistently dislike and despise their fellow-countrymen, and regard any manifestations of British strength and authority, any assertion of British independence, as both distasteful and immoral. They sneer at any happening—a crisis in foreign relations, a Royal marriage or death, a major national anniversary—which evokes, in the breasts of simpler and less sophisticated people, patriotic sentiments. One of the most stinging denunciations of them that I recall was a letter which Lord Keynes wrote to *The New Statesman* on October 14, 1939:

> The intelligentsia of the Left were the loudest in demanding that the Nazi aggression should be resisted at all costs. When it comes to a showdown, scarce four weeks have passed before they remember that they are pacifists and write defeatist letters to your columns, leaving the defence of freedom and of civilisation to Colonel Blimp and the Old School Tie, for whom Three Cheers.

The origins of this perverse and saddening attitude are worthy of careful analysis and study. I have from time to time been led to hope that its influence is diminishing; and then an occurrence such as the French crisis is a reminder of its bleak and sterile persistence. There is one famous and once-respected Sunday newspaper, the whole of whose policy and outlook, as expressed once a week with great clarity and vigour, appears to be rooted in a deep, bitter distaste for Britain and for the nations of British stock in the Commonwealth.

Most of us differentiate sharply between patriotism and nationalism. The latter word, in current usage, carries with it certain markedly pejorative undertones. Why? Why do we tend to regard other people's nationalism as disreputable, often actively dangerous, and our own patriotism as noble and enlightened? To some extent this is, I think, the result of the suffusion of much of our political thought with Marxist and neo-Marxist influences. Nationalism figures prominently in the Communist vocabulary.

A scholarly student of Marxist ideology has pointed out that nationalism is one of its Janus-words. In a non-Communist country, whose lawful authorities the Communists are seeking to subvert and overthrow, it is a defence against " imperialist cosmopolitanism "; " in the era of imperialism, the nation has become a progressive revolutionary force of outstanding importance " in resisting the imperialist, and especially the United States' efforts to dominate the world by breaking " the moral backbone " of the nations. But within the Communist empire itself any stirrings of national spirit are regarded as reactionary and are denounced as " bourgeois nationalism," which is " not an innocuous and romantic pan-Slavism, but a dangerous enemy and a criminal associate of international reaction."

Russian patriotism, which has proved to be a quite irrepressible emotion, has been extolled and exploited by the Communist leaders in war and in peace, and they have made it one of the main props of their regime. In external policy their attitude towards nationalist movements is strictly determined by their assessment of the value of such movements to their own cause, which is the extension and consolidation of Communism. So ruthlessly pragmatical an outlook leads them at times into clumsiness and inconsistency, which they explain away by reference to their sacred writings. Said Lenin firmly: " Marx had no doubt as to the subordinate position of the national question as compared with the labour question." Said Stalin: " There are instances when the right of self-determination comes into conflict with the other, the higher right—the right of the working class. In such cases, this must be said bluntly, the right to self-determination cannot and must not serve as an obstacle to the exercise by the working class of its right to dictatorship. The former must give way to the latter."

These cases occur almost exclusively, by a coincidence which need not be over-emphasised, inside the Soviet empire. The savage repression of Turki nationalism within the Soviet dominions in Central Asia can thus be presented as doctrinally consistent with the lavish buttering-up of Egyptian or Algerian nationalism. The leaders of Turki nationalism are dead, imprisoned, exiled or broken; Colonel Nasser is an honoured V.I.P. when he goes to Moscow.

The Soviet leaders have been most glaringly inconsistent in their attitude towards the State of Israel, whose existence is the result of a resurgence of Jewish national feeling, of great depth and complexity, all over the world. Zionism has always been sternly discouraged in the Soviet Union; social, cultural and (in the end) religious assimilation is the only permitted destiny for Russian Jewry under Communist rule. But in the years when Britain was the paramount Power in the Middle East, Zionism, so long as it was in conflict with that paramountcy, got Soviet encouragement and support; and Russia was the second country to accord diplomatic recognition to Israel.

But of recent years, with Britain in precipitate retreat, with France expelled from the Middle East, and the United States fumbling towards some sort of policy, the Russians have found in Egyptian and Arab nationalism one of their most valuable political and diplomatic instruments. Therefore Israel has become, in their vocabulary, " an outpost of Western imperialism." The propaganda assault has been as fierce as the outpouring of arms to Israel's enemies has been extravagant; and the fate of Jews within the Soviet Union has appeared grievous indeed.

AN INCONSISTENT NATIONALIST: Mr. Khrushchev leads the applause at the recent Bulgarian Communist Party Congress in Sofia. He is flanked by a Chinese delegate and a member of the Bulgarian Politburo. Russian practice is to encourage nationalism abroad if it will increase Soviet influence but to suppress it at home when it opposes Moscow.

If we point to Communist inconsistencies in the treatment of national and patriotic movements and feelings, can we be sure that we ourselves are much more consistent? One of the more tragic failures of the British Empire may be seen, in the long perspective of history, to have been our incapacity to evolve a large and all-embracing loyalty which could over-ride but not destroy smaller, indigenous, national affections and loyalties. We nearly brought it off in the Victorian era, but not quite. We failed to attain the simple, majestic heights of certitude which the Romans, at the zenith of their power, appear to have reached. Paul, the Jew of Tarsus, the expounder of a new religion which contained obvious elements of menace to Roman authority, could claim firmly, " *Civis Romanus sum*," and the pride of it rings down through the centuries.

With Canadian and Indian peers taking their seats in the House of Lords, with the Sovereign's Indian orderly officers in annual attendance at Court, with the King-Emperor enthroned in high Durbar in Delhi, we came within touching distance of that splendid universality of our predecessors. But Irish nationalism and Afrikaner nationalism defeated us; in face of the stubbornness and the bitterness—the grandeur, too, let us admit—of the emotions evoked by these two examples, the hope of a larger loyalty withered and died.

Men like Lionel Curtis, Geoffrey Dawson, Leopold Amery and others almost equally gifted (and all the disciples of that great man, Lord Milner, who described himself as an " English race-patriot ") strove, therefore, to inject validity and permanence into the concept of a Commonwealth of independent, sovereign nations linked by moral and spiritual rather than political or economic ties. They found a mighty ally in Jan Smuts. They propounded their gospel with fervour and assiduity; it remains the political faith of some of the best, most likable and most visionary of those who, in our various countries, mix themselves in politics. However, the Commonwealth concept, noble as it is, has been a good deal soiled and diminished in recent years. Was it altogether prudent to permit this faith, for which thousands of men of our stock—Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians—have fought and died, to degenerate into the drab convenience which is all it is to Mr. Nehru or the hate-impregnated embarrassment which it is to Mr. Strydom and Mr. de Valera?

The British, like the Irish and the Afrikaners, the Kashmiri *pandits*, the Egyptians and the Arabs, have their sources of patriotism, as individuals and as a society. Many of these peoples have been our enemies, with some we are (whether superficially or deeply it is difficult to say) reconciled. Even when we were at our most powerful, our most imperialist, we always had in our midst fervent advocates of others' nationalism—a Wilfred Scawen Blunt who passionately supported the Egyptians, a C. F. Andrews who saw the Indian Congress leaders as apostles of light and sweetness, and the clamorous pro-Boers, whose descendants, it is ironic to reflect, nowadays regard nationalist South Africa as the abode of Satan. To comprehend and to sympathise with the patriotism of others demands a real effort of the intellect and the imagination; that effort is often worthily and generously made; why and how does it become distorted into that priggish defeatism which so incensed Maynard Keynes?

The answer, I suspect, lies in some deep emotional defect, some drying-up or twisting of a natural channel of feeling. The growth of loyalty, of a succession of linked loyalties, in a human being is one of the most significant aspects of the process of maturity. This growth is at once organic and spontaneous; it is a repeated discovery of togetherness, the logical fulfilment of which (I realise) is the glowing consciousness of togetherness with all the human race, with all creation.

But we must all, as societies and as individuals, travel a long, slow, stony road to this apotheosis; recognition of its reality may be granted to us in moments of penetrative vision; but for most of our lives we must rub along with the lesser, but important, lights of the loyalties which we know—the family, the school, the church, the trade union, the regiment to which we belong. The fostering and strengthening of these natural associations is part of growth; and as they multiply and widen they tend to bring with them understanding of the importance and tenacity of others' associations and loyalties. Because (to use Keynes's homely analogy) one wears an especial Old School Tie it is not necessary to despise and hate the wearers of all the others; but is the converse not true?

Is it not possible that he who hates and rejects his own Old School Tie will in his heart, and in any ultimate testing, prove to be incapable of every abiding loyalty—to nation, to Commonwealth, to a World Federation? The larger loyalty grows out of the smaller. What happens if you suffocate the smaller?

THE QUEEN FLIES IN TO OPEN LONDON'S NEWEST AIRPORT : A general view of the scene at the new airport at Gatwick, in Surrey, showing part of the large crowd which gathered to watch the Royal party, led by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, walk from the Heron aircraft of the Queen's Flight for the inauguration ceremony. The aircraft touched down at Gatwick after having flown from London Airport. The old 370-acre airport in Surrey is now double its size, the work having cost £7,000,000.

AN UNINTERRUPTED VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE: The Queen, standing on the high-level roundabout, underneath which runs the diverted London to Brighton road, is shown one of the many ingenious features by Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport.

THE QUEEN OPENS GATWICK AIRPORT

AND AFTERWARDS PERFORMS CEREMONIES AT CRAWLEY NEW TOWN

The new and vastly extended airport at Gatwick, on the Surrey and Sussex borders about 25 miles south of London, is a unique air terminal in which all the ingenuities of modern planning have been utilised to make it the first of its kind in the world to combine air, rail and road transport in one unit. More than £7,000,000 has been spent over the last two and a half years in creating this airport, London's second major terminal, which is now double the size of the old 370-acre airport and which permits passengers to travel to and fro without the need of a town air terminal.

The bad weather of 1956 delayed much of the preparatory work, and although the schedule was stepped up considerably, it was barely completed in time for the official opening by the Queen. Appropriately, Her Majesty arrived at Gatwick by air, having flown from London Airport in a Heron of the Queen's Flight. Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen inspected models of the various buildings and subsequently attended an inauguration ceremony performed by the Bishop of Kingston-upon-Thames, the Rt. Rev. W. P. Gilpin. Afterwards she declared the airport open and unveiled a commemorative plaque.

Gatwick has come in for considerable adverse criticism—mainly concerning the prolonged delays and wastages in its creation—but there is no doubt that whatever view one takes of the project, the completed picture is of an exceptionally fine, functional layout that will help to relieve some of the air traffic now handled by London Airport.

Although Gatwick's primary use is that of a main diversion centre for international flights unable to land at London Airport, it is also to take over a number of the air services to the Channel Islands. Gatwick is well situated to take on such a role, for it is on the main railway line to London. This direct rail link is perhaps the main feature of Gatwick. Passengers can walk from their aircraft along a covered corridor through the terminal buildings and on to the old Gatwick Railway Racecourse Station, which has been reconstructed.

Alternatively, passengers travelling by car can drive straight from the airport on to the main London to Brighton road, which has been diverted and runs underneath the terminal building. The airport terminal is of concrete clad in glass and steel, designed to "exploit the drama of travel by air."

IT CRAWLEY NEW TOWN: The Queen clasps a spade while planting a crab-apple-tree in the town centre to commemorate her visit. Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Philip, had travelled by car to Crawley from Gatwick.

INTERLUDE IN QUEEN'S SQUARE: The Queen and the Duke pause during their tour of the new town to look at the fountain, one of the main features in Queen's Square. Designed by J. Bainbridge Copnall, it was cast in bronze and made by H. H. Martyn and Company, of Cheltenham.

A GRANDSTAND VIEW: People looking down from balconies obtain a grandstand view of the Queen as she walks down the beflagged Broad Walk with Sir Thomas Bennett, Chairman of the Crawley Development Corporation. On arrival the Royal party was received by the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, and people associated with the building of the new town were presented. Her Majesty opened the new technical college, and after luncheon she and Prince Philip visited a housing estate.

"SUMMER IS A-COMING IN"

The Flowering of the Dog-Rose ; Midsummer Festivals ; and the Decline of the Dawn Chorus

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NOBODY really needs a calendar to tell him that May has passed. You might not know that it was June 1 without consulting a calendar (I feel sure that you could not do so), but you should surely know within a few days of the month that June had arrived : at least, in the south of England. You would know by the flowering of the common dog-rose, for of all the flowers that adorn our countryside the wild rose is the most conservative.

For close upon forty years—with one or two breaks due to circumstances over which I had no control (the demands of employment or the whims of dictators)—I have kept a record of the first flowering of the wild rose. That period includes the famous fair-weather year of 1921, some very backward springs and a few which did not materialise at all, some very forward springs, a good many wet summers and a few fine, hot summers. But all these varied weathers have, in my experience, had little effect upon the flowering of the wild rose. My earliest record is for June 2, 1940 : my latest is for June 9, 1938. This year I saw my first blossom of the wild rose on June 4. It really is quite remarkably consistent.

And it is, for me, the true sign of summer. With its flowering go the last thoughts of spring : so long as it remains in the stage of green bud, summer has not attained fulfilment. I think that it is the flowering of the wild rose that makes the summer or, at any rate, gives to summer its first fullness, for its bejewelled greenery sets off to perfection the sweet June sunlight and the great blue of a cloudless June sky.

So far as midsummer is concerned, the calendar is of no use at all. Officially, summer starts on June 21, which is the Summer Solstice. Officially, Midsummer Day is June 24. Taken at its face value, this gives us a summer of just about one week, which seems to me to be unduly pessimistic even for an English summer. But, in this matter at least, the calendar may be ignored. Actually, the Summer Solstice, June 20-21, is the zenith of the year and the true midsummer.

Once this was a great festival which our ancestors celebrated with much rejoicing. It was the time of year when people were much concerned with sacrifice for one purpose or another, were much concerned about fertility—and not only of the land. Great fires lit the hilltops everywhere throughout Britain, and cattle were driven over the dying embers as a protection against the murrain. But before that there was dancing round the flames, and girls practised charms in the firelight to discover their future husbands—or just practised their charms. Perhaps there was, at one time, human sacrifice connected with these ceremonies : certainly there was animal sacrifice. (There are two records, both from Cornwall, of the midsummer bonfire and the sacrifice of a calf within the past 100 years.) The Christian Church substituted the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist for this pagan festival. This actually falls three days later than the Summer Solstice, but I doubt if that made very much difference to the rites at the time. The bonfires, once lit in honour of the sun and the god of Fertility, burned just as brightly in honour of St. John the Baptist and men and maidens danced around them, and continued to do so until the middle of the last century.

I should be tempted to say that little now remains of all this were it not that I said something similar about Oak Apple Day only a few weeks ago, and have since been told by a number of readers in widely-separated parts of the country—in Yorkshire, the Isle of Ely, Sussex, Oxford, Shropshire, Warwickshire, and Devon—that the day is still remembered with due pomp and ceremony. At one preparatory school in Yorkshire the boys wear the traditional oak twigs, and at one village in the Isle of Ely and two in Sussex people who do not wear an oak twig are subjected to some punishment. Indeed, in one Sussex village the day is now known (though it is not, I gather, so called to strangers) as "Pinch Bottom Day," because this is what happens to you if you do not wear an oak twig. In other words, in this Sussex village, the oak protects you to-day just as it protected Charles II 300 years ago. It is a pleasant thought.

However, to return to the Summer Solstice : except for the ceremony at Stonehenge (which is another matter altogether : I shall have something to say about that in a week or two), I know of only one Summer Solstice ceremony in the traditional style still performed in Britain. (No doubt I shall now hear of others : I very much hope so.) It is true that ceremonial bonfires are still lit at midsummer in one or two places in Cornwall, but this, it seems to me, is now no more than a tradition which has lost all connection with its roots. The midsummer bonfire at Whalton, in Northumberland, however, is rather more than a tradition kept alive by the elders (or, as one sometimes suspects elsewhere, by the parish or town council for the benefit of holiday-makers—Whalton is scarcely a "holiday resort"). It still has about it an air of spontaneity, something of the atmosphere of a festival, with youths and girls dancing round the fire until the flames die down.

The Summer Solstice is the zenith of the year, and it is by this that one may recognise the season without a nudge from the calendar. Just as the flowering of the wild rose signifies the departure of spring, so there is much in the countryside to tell the observant that the longest day, the greenest days, have gone. It would be easy to get a little depressed about this. So much, so much of the ripe beauty of the year, has gone before we have had the weather to enjoy it to the full. The wild cherry, the blossoms of the orchards, the gorse, the hawthorn, the lilac, the laburnum : all have gone. The fire of the broom—so much brighter, so much yellower, so much more striking (at least, from a distance) than the glow of the gorse which it succeeded—is flickering and will soon be out. And, in the garden, the wonderful heady perfume of the syringa will lie on the evening air for no more than another day or two.

Yes, if one looked at the season just like this, it would be easy to get a little depressed. But down by the riverside the picture is reversed. So long as you can see any of the dead, dry, dun-coloured wands of last year in the reed-beds, so long may you be certain that the year's growth has not reached its full stature. By Midsummer Day these reeds that have danced to the winds of many winters are hidden, and you know then that summer has reached its zenith. Elsewhere the greenest days have gone : here they have just arrived. And it is at midsummer, and for perhaps a fortnight to come, that one sees colour as rich and lovely as any to be seen throughout the year : the sainfoin in flower.

So that it may be seen at its best—and unfortunately it does not seem to be grown now as much as formerly—it should be viewed in hot sun after heavy rain—a not uncommon combination in England at this time of year !—and from a distance. Distance melts the thousands of blossoms to form one whole, so that you do not see a field of sainfoin in flower but a solid sheet of pink-purple vivid against the green of a wood or the blue of the sky. If you can see such a field in the light of the setting sun, then you will see something that makes even the cheapest Italian postcard seem pale.

It 's rather the same with the birds. By Midsummer Day the best of the song has gone. The latest I personally have ever heard a nightingale sing is June 19, and though the blackcaps and the garden warblers (both magnificent songsters) do continue into July, it has always seemed to me that once Midsummer Day is past they are beginning to find it all a bit of a strain. I get the same impression about the Dawn Chorus. Well, there is not really a Dawn Chorus any longer : there is song at dawn, which is not at all the same thing. Now, it seems to me (although maybe it is imagination) that the birds are not greeting the dawn in as cheerful a fashion as they did in April or in May, but in very much the same way as I do : for I also make some sounds if I wake at dawn.

But why worry about the dawn, when the long twilight of midsummer is so filled with charm ? The blossoms may have gone, but is there anything more restful in all the year, or anything more soothing to the spirit, than that moment in the fading light of a summer evening when the thrush passes from song to sleep and the nightjar awakes to churr from the bracken at the wood's edge ?

A SCHOOL CRICKET MATCH AT WYCLIFFE : In the afternoon sun, the fielders watch intently as the batsman hits the ball to cover-point. On the other side of the cricket pitch is the new school chapel of Wycliffe College at Stonehouse, in Gloucestershire. The chapel was rebuilt in six years by the students, who demolished the old walls, excavated new foundations and laid the concrete. Among the building materials used by the students were stone from a derelict parish church, and timber from a pier damaged in a gale and from the keels of old barges. The old chapel was destroyed by a fire in November 1939.

THE ANNUAL RACE DOWN THE RIVER THAMES: In full sail, the fifty-six-year-old *Sara* (in the foreground) takes part in the champion bowsprit class of the annual Thames sailing barge race. She finished second, more than half a mile behind the fifty-two-year-old *Veronica*, the winner. Normally the race is run over a 60-mile course from Lower Hope to North Oaze Buoy and back to Gravesend, but on this occasion, owing to heavy rain and a slack breeze, it was shortened by about 20 miles. The sixty-year-old *Sirdar* finished third. In the staysail class the winner was the fifty-one-year-old *Dreadnought*, followed by the fifty-four-year-old *Memory* and the fifty-eight-year-old *Westmorland*. *Millie*, built in 1892, finished fourth. Although prizes were given for the first three places, *Millie* also received an award "for completing the course and not being a prizewinner." *Memory* is the oldest sailing barge still actively engaged in commerce as a grain-carrier between London and ports in the county of Suffolk.

BARGES RACE ON THE THAMES

The Annual Race Takes Place in Heavy Rain Over a Shortened Course

ON THE CALM WATERS: *Left*—*Veronica* hoists her striped spinnaker in an effort to make use of the light breeze. She first took part in the race three years ago when she was retired from active service. *Right*—A view of the start of the staysail class, with *Memory* just clearing the buoy at Lower Hope. The lightest of the seven competitors in the race was the 43-ton *Westmorland* and the heaviest the 70-ton *Dreadnought*. This annual race on the Thames was instituted more than ninety years ago.

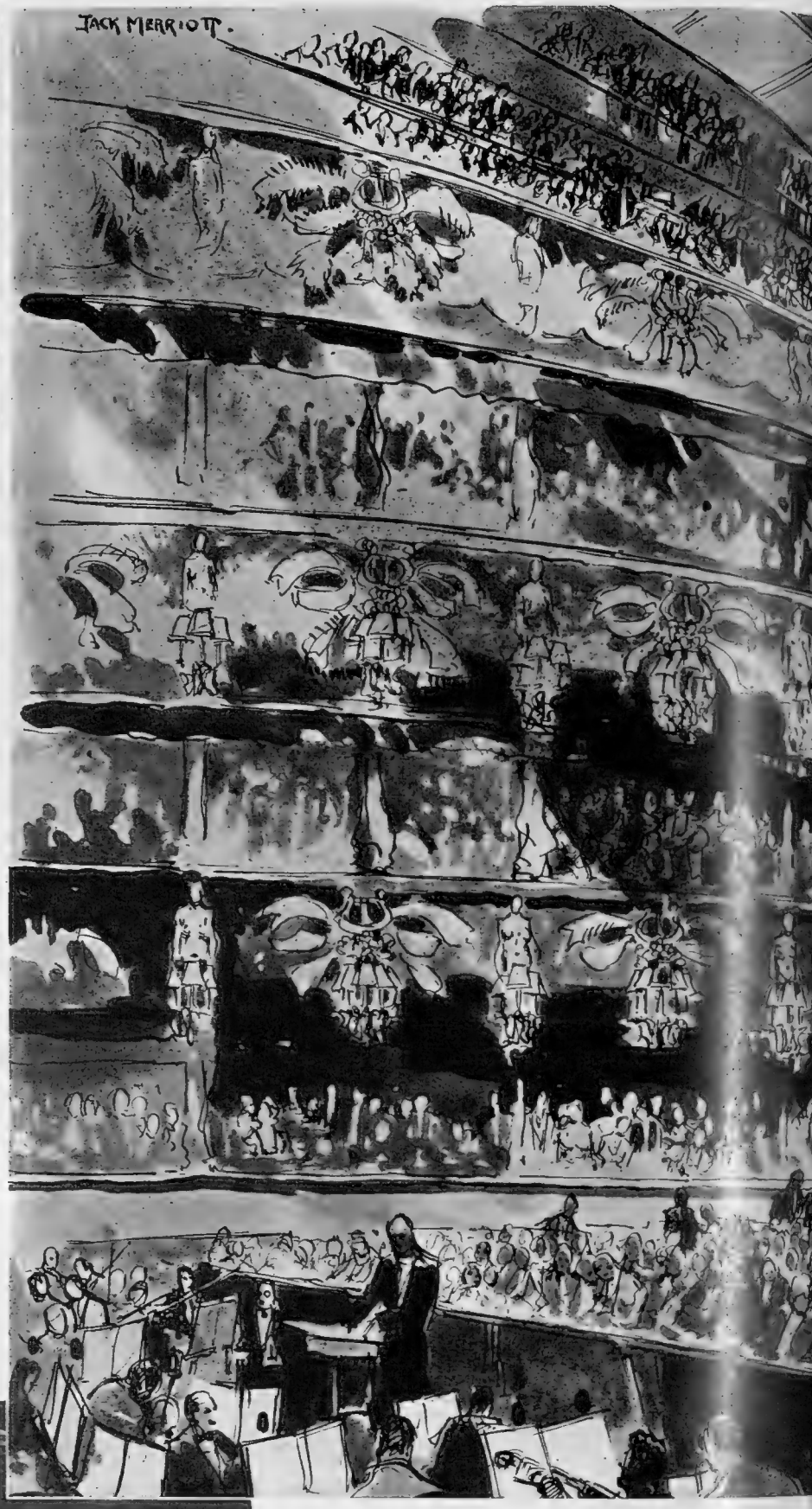
THE QUEEN ARRIVES FOR THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: She is accompanied through the foyer by Lord Drogheda, the chairman of the directors, on her arrival for the centenary performance.

On left—

AN UNFORGETTABLE EVENING: Her Majesty is in happy mood as she is surrounded by members of the Covent Garden Opera Chorus after the evening of the gala performance in which they had sung in extracts from various operas.

Below—

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN": The evening started with the singing of the National Anthem. On left of the picture is Lady Lee, wife of Sir Frank Lee, Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade.



COVENT GARDEN CENTENARY

Scenes During a Memorable Evening

Special Drawing By JACK MERRIOTT, R.I., S.M.A.

The great gala night on June 10 at Covent Garden marked the centenary of the theatre's building. Opera, of course, had been performed in previous theatres on this site for well over 100 years before 1858, and there was a reminder of this in the overture chosen for last week's celebrations. It was *Oberon*, which was written by Weber especially for Covent Garden and given what would now be called its world premiere in April 1826.

The building in which this music was first heard was not the original Covent Garden Theatre. The first was opened in 1732 with Congreve's *Way of the World*. On the next night there was a performance of an English opera which has increased in popularity through the ensuing years—Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. Soon afterwards Handel gave premieres of several of his works. The original theatre went up in flames in 1808. Twelve months later a larger and better equipped building had taken its place. For the next forty years audiences saw as much drama as opera in the programmes, but by the middle of the nineteenth century the management was almost exclusively billing music.

The second theatre suffered the fate of the first in 1856, catching fire at the start of a masked ball being held within its precincts. For the third and present theatre the building took two years.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE EN FETE: From a point in the auditorium near the stage Jack Merriott has drawn his impression of the scene inside Covent Garden Theatre during the centenary gala performance. The vast sweep of the lavishly-decorated interior is seen from the orchestra pit to the Royal box and the circles and the "gods" in the gallery high above.

It was opened on May 15, 1858, with Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*. The day was a Saturday and the performance ran on until past midnight. Because of the strict Sunday Observance Laws the piece had to be abandoned unfinished.

In spite of this inauspicious start the theatre flourished and the programme of the centenary evening was a carefully balanced selection to show past achievements and present strength. An extract from Balfe's *The Bohemian Girl*, which included "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," sung by Joan Sutherland, recalled an English composer of the last century who had considerable fame in his day. *I Puritani*, by Bellini, with Madame Callas in the mad scene, was an example of how often Covent Garden has welcomed singers of renown from abroad, and continues to do so (besides incidentally having a resident company of members drawn from many nations). The revelry from Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* was an excellent choice to demonstrate the renaissance in English opera which has grown steadily through recent years and the Triumph Scene from Verdi's *Aida* combined past and present, for the opera is in the current repertory

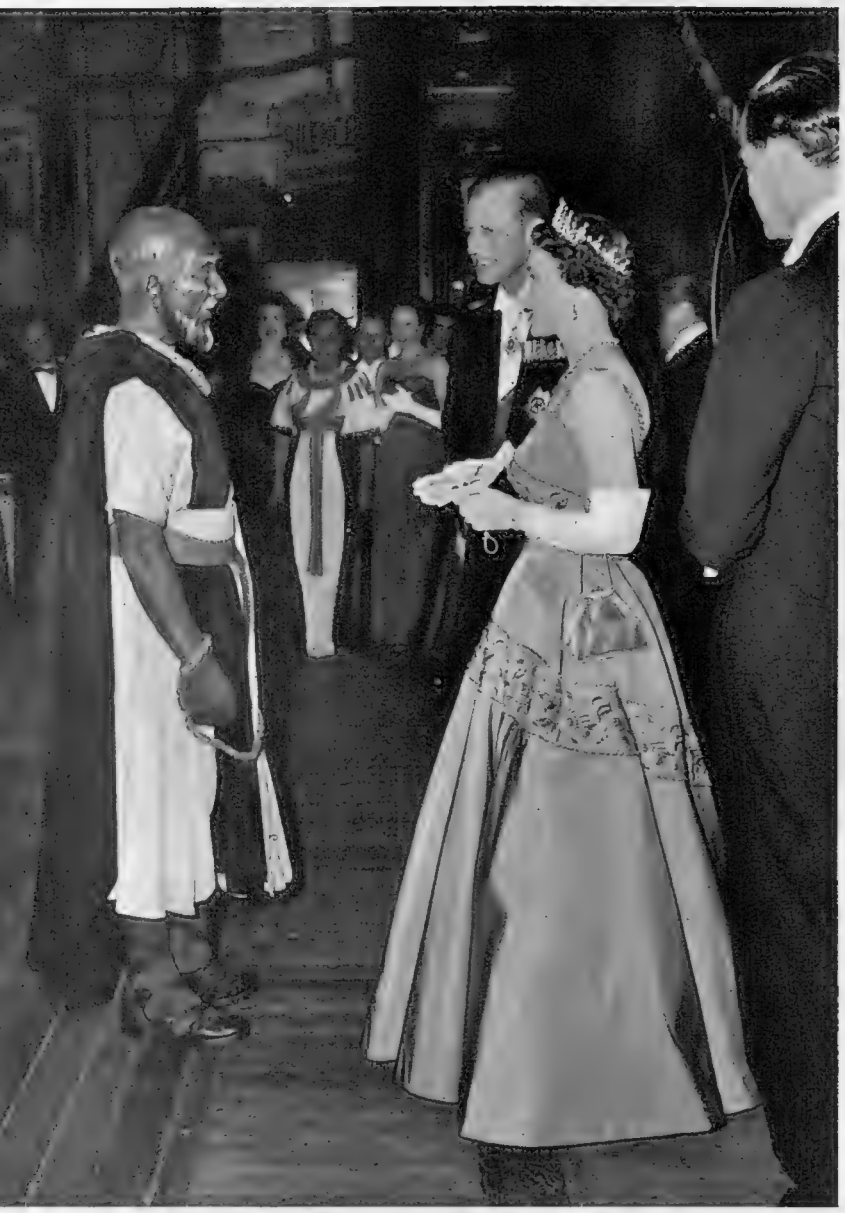
On the centenary evening, stage and auditorium, in which the Queen sat in the Royal box, presented a splendid spectacle, and Jack Merriott, in his drawing on these pages, has captured the magnificence of the scene. The lavish decorations included fruit—symbolic of the other Covent Garden outside the theatre, the great market. Another association with the theatre is Law and Order, for opposite its front is Bow Street Police Station and Court. On that site in the days of the first theatre Henry Fielding presided as magistrate. He is not the only writer who has worked in the Garden. Painters have also resided in the environs. Perhaps one day a composer and librettist will write an opera about Covent Garden for Covent Garden.

On right—

THE GUESTS OF HONOUR: Wearing a dress of peacock blue, the Queen stands in the Royal box with the Duke of Edinburgh. Behind them is Mr. David Webster, the General Administrator of the Royal Opera House. The distinguished audience included members of the Diplomatic Corps in London and leaders of the political parties.

ROYAL OPERA OCCASION

Presentations to the Queen at Covent Garden



"KING OF ETHIOPIA": Jess Walters, who had sung Amonasro in an extract from *Aida* is presented in his make-up and costume to the Queen after the gala performance at London's Royal Opera House last week.

A GUEST SINGER FROM ITALY: Maria Meneghini Callas makes her curtsey. She had sung a scene from Bellini's opera, *I Puritani*, which was part of the programme in the spectacular gala evening which marked the celebration of the centenary of Covent Garden Theatre.

The splendid performance of opera and ballet was not the end of the gala evening for the large cast and others concerned with the production of a memorable occasion at Covent Garden. When the final curtain had fallen the Queen with Prince Philip went on to the stage where numerous personalities were presented to her. Among the prima donnas was Maria Meneghini Callas, who had delighted the 2,300 strong audience with her singing of "Qui la Voce" in Elvira's mad scene from Bellini's *I Puritani*. Madame Callas was due to sing in the first of five performances of *La Traviata* at the Royal Opera House yesterday (June 20). On the gala night last week, other presentations included Dame Margot Fonteyn, and members of the Corps de Ballet administrative staff and stage hands.

PRIMA BALLERINA AND CORPS DE BALLET: *Left*—The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh talk with Dame Margot Fonteyn on the stage of the theatre. *Right*—Her Majesty smiles as she offers her hand to a member of the Corps de Ballet. The Royal Ballet made a contribution to the centenary gala, dancing Frederick Ashton's *Birthday Offering*. It was conducted by John Pritchard. For the opera extracts, the conductors were Rafael Kubelik, Edward Downes, John Matheson and Robert Irving.

EVENING OF GALA

A Memorable Occasion at Covent Garden Theatre

On left—
ROUND THE ROYAL BOX: Among those on the Queen's right are Mr. R. A. Butler, who was presiding over the Cabinet during Mr. Macmillan's absence in North America; Lord Salisbury and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, Leader of the Opposition. On Prince Philip's left is Hr. Preben Prebensen, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. The theme of the decorations in front of the boxes was music and fruit, the latter serving as a reminder of the Opera House's proximity to Covent Garden market.

Below—
THE START OF THE EVENING: The audience stands as the National Anthem is sung. As is customary on special occasions, it was led from the stage by the principal soprano—Miss Sylvia Fisher. Just before the Queen entered the brilliantly decorated auditorium a fanfare had announced her arrival. She had been greeted in the foyer by the Earl of Drogheda, the chairman of the directors of Covent Garden, and made her way to the Royal box past Guardsmen in blue, scarlet and gold livery.

AUSTRALIAN PILGRIMS IN EUROPE: Cardinal Gilroy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, is in the gondola in the right foreground on the Grand Canal in Venice. In the craft behind him are other Australians. They are some of a party of 600 pilgrims, led by the Cardinal, who are making an extensive tour of Europe, after taking part in the celebrations of the Centenary of Lourdes. The pilgrims were due to arrive in London last night (June 20). Among the visits arranged for them is one to Windsor. From London they will go towards the end of next week to Dublin, where the tour ends. They landed in May at Lisbon and proceeded by way of Madrid to Lourdes. Other places included in the itinerary have been Nice, Rome, Milan, Lucerne, Paris and Brussels, where the World Fair was visited.

SACRED AND SECULAR

Religious Occasions and May Day Celebrations

On left—
THE "WHIT WALK" IN MANCHESTER: Ukrainian children in national dress walk in the procession of Roman Catholics at the end of last month.

THE MODERN TOUCH IN MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS: A tractor decorated with flowers is seen on the last day of May drawing the "chariot" with the May Queen and her retinue through Ickwell, Bedfordshire, for ceremonies on the village green.

THE TRADITIONAL DANCE IN THE TRADITIONAL COSTUMES: With the men wearing smocks and their partners garlands of flowers, villagers of Ickwell hold the coloured ribbons as they circle round the maypole on the Green. Much of the dancing consists of plaiting and unplaiting the ribbons by evolutions round the pole. Ickwell claims to be the only village green in England with a permanent maypole. The celebration of May Day is probably a survival from Roman Britain when the legions observed the Feast of Flowers.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL ON GERMAN WATERS : On the Staffelsee, rowing boats surround a barge carrying the Monstrance and decorated with banners and flags in the Corpus Christi celebrations. The lake, which has seven wooded islets, is between Munich and Garmish-Partenkirchen, in Bavaria. Corpus Christi is a festival of the Roman Catholic Church which is celebrated in traditional manner in many parts of Western Europe. Its features often include an outdoor procession with the Blessed Sacrament.

CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION IN THE BAVARIAN MOUNTAINS: Girls in white frocks lead the banners, candles and lanterns being carried before and behind the canopy held over the Monstrance in the fields outside Wackersberg, in the mountains above the Isar Valley, near Bad Tolz. Among others who participate in this annual festival are older girls and women with statues of the Virgin Mary, local woodworkers with leather aprons, and mountain hunters dressed in tall hats, green jackets and lederhosen.

THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE VILLAGE: The procession makes its way past the wooden buildings of Wackersberg, which are a common feature in villages in many parts of Germany. The celebration of Corpus Christi at Wackersberg is said to be the most typical of the local tradition, and also one of the most spectacular. Included in the banners is that of the Warrior's Society, which is covered on its front with the medals of inhabitants who served with the German forces and fell in the two world wars.

The Sphere of Travel

THE CHARM OF SOUTH-WEST SCOTLAND

The Little-known Countryside and Towns of Dumfries, Wigtown and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright

By GORDON COOPER

KIRKCUDBRIGHT—AN ARTISTS' HAUNT : Situated on the estuary of the Dee is the ancient capital of the Stewartry of Kircudbright. This photograph was taken from St. Mary's Gardens. In the foreground is the Selkirk Cross. At one time the town was surrounded by a wall and tidal moat. It possesses a harbour suitable for small boats only.

IT was with a certain brisk elation and a feeling of excitement that I stepped out of Dumfries Station recently to begin a little tour of South-West Scotland, which incorporates the counties of Dumfries and Wigtown and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, the last two together constituting the district of Galloway.

I am tempted to call these three shires " Little Scotland," for they present almost every feature of Scotland itself. Here is a glorious and lovely countryside—wide bays gleaming in the sunlight, a rugged coast, fine salmon rivers, and many miles of glen and forest land. Here, too, are castles and abbeys, famous in history and legend, rich farmlands, picturesque towns and villages, all characterised by an air of simple beauty and quiet prosperity. It is a great pity that this part of Britain is not better known, especially by those visitors who hurry impatiently northwards.

To explore the many enchanted corners in this Scottish " Land's End " a car is really necessary, although it is feasible to make use of local transportation services. In both cases, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Gatehouse-of-Fleet and Stranraer are recommended touring centres. I would warn you that the buses are not primarily timed for tourists, so you may find yourself with more than enough time to spend at a desired destination. Still, this does not necessarily mean boredom, for you can occupy yourself by reading, or rereading, one or other of the gripping romances by R. L. Stevenson (*The Master of Ballantrae*), Scott (*Redgauntlet*) or S. R. Crockett, which have for their setting this part of the countryside. Crockett knew every inch of the land and has vividly painted both its ruggedness and charm.

If you want a breathless story of the old smuggling days, read *The Raiders*, and take it with you on your journey, for it pictures this wild land as no other book has ever done.

Dumfries, gateway into Galloway, deserves its proud title of " Queen of the South," for it is beautifully situated on the banks of the River Nith. This town treats its association with Robert Burns very seriously, for the poet spent eight years here and in the neighbourhood. It was here he died, in his home (now a museum), where he wrote about 100 of his published songs. In the nearby graveyard of St. Michael's Church is the poet's tomb and an imposing statue, erected to his memory, is at one end of the High Street. In this same thoroughfare is The Hole i' the Wa', an inn (established 1620) which was frequented by Burns and now possesses a large private collection of Burns relics. At the other end of this street is the Globe Inn (established 1610), familiarly known as " Burns Howff " and the poet's favourite, where there a other relics.

You will find more relics in the interesting Burg Museum, where there are other collections of bygone day including the first bicycle constructed and the olde extant Camera Obscura. The pictures shown of disti guished sons of Dumfriesshire must surely be an u paralleled record in Britain, embracing such names Thomas Carlyle, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Telfo (famous engineer), Sir John Moore, William Paters (founder of the Bank of England), and several outstandi explorers—Clarke Ross (discoverer of the Magnetic Pol Sir Hugh Clapperton, Sir John Richardson and Pato I liked, too, a curious broadsheet in which the Unio of the English and Scottish Parliaments was repudiate by the town, so that, as the Curator told me, they st remain a " foreign territory," although possibly n legally.

As a modern Jacobite, I lodged, of course, in t County Hotel in which Prince Charles Edward Stuart ha his headquarters in December, 1745. Receiving litt sympathy, he demanded from the townspeople a levy £2,000 and 1,000 pairs of shoes for his army. After hurried council of war he departed northward on his wa to Culloden with his followers and £1,195 of the lev also with two town notables as hostages. Later t Government reimbursed the town for the cash and f 255 pairs of shoes supplied.

There are many other romantic memories linked wi Dumfries, especially from the days of the Covenanter Two outstanding local excursions of interest are Caerlaverock Castle, an ancient stronghold, sited on o of the great Roman " harbour basins," and to the love Sweetheart Abbey founded in 1273 by Devorguilla, wido of John Baliol, father of a Scottish king. She also founde Balliol College, Oxford. When Devorguilla died, h husband's embalmed heart was buried with her before t High Altar, in this abbey of " Dulce Cor " or " Swe Heart." Hence the origin of this romantic word. T Church is in ruins, but all the main arches, parts of t transepts and choir and a central tower are still standin

There is so much one could write concerning t County of Dumfries, but I must now take you in Kirkcudbright, where at Castle Douglas, in the Dougl Arms, an old coaching inn, I enjoyed the best of food most reasonable prices. In this part of Scotland generall the meals are as satisfying as any in Europe, not least t " high teas " with their abundance of home-made scon and cakes. Often, very often, during my travels abroa I feel I would gladly exchange all the gee-gaws of luxur

BY TRAIN, PLANE AND SEA

FOR business men in a hurry, the *Caledonian*, the new express from London to Glasgow, will meet a long-felt need. Leaving Euston at 7.45 a.m., the train arrives in Glasgow Central at 2.30 p.m., calls having been made at Crewe and Carlisle. Apart from making it possible to do business on the day of arrival, the new timing also provides the convenience of extending the day's journey even as far as Oban and, for the first time since the war, to Belfast. The afternoon *Caledonian*, in the opposite direction, leaves Glasgow at 4 p.m., arriving at Euston at 10.45 p.m., calling at Carlisle and Stafford. This is a distinct improvement on the old days, when one had to leave for London by one o'clock at the latest, for it enables practically a day's work to be completed before returning to London.

Two air services which are not as well known as they might be are the one run by B.E.A. and Iberia via Madrid to the Canary Isles, and the other by B.E.A. to Bordeaux and on to Bilbao, on the North Coast of Spain, by Aviacion y Comercio. The return tourist night fare to Las Palmas or Tenerife from London is £79 9s. and the tourist return fare from London to Bilbao is £40 14s. There are twice-weekly services in both directions.

It is advisable, if you are travelling via Gatwick Airport to the Channel Islands by air, to take the precaution of buying your rail tickets in advance at the travel agent's where you have made your reservation. At week-ends the booking offices at Victoria Station are liable to congestion and you might be subject to delay.

Out of Dover on November 26, 1958, the M.S. *Stella Polaris* will sail for Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad and Jamaica. Single passages to Madeira can be booked from £37, to Barbados and Trinidad from £90, and to Kingston from £100. Accommodation should still be available.

The Cunard Line have arranged a special sailing of the S.S. *Caronia* from Southampton on January 2, 1959, to Bermuda, Jamaica, Nassau and New York. Since the S.S. *Parthia*, en route from New York to Liverpool, will call at Bermuda only on March 1 and 28, there seems to be an excellent opportunity of spending a couple of months or more in Bermuda, travelling each way in comparatively large steamers, the S.S. *Caronia* having a displacement of 34,172 tons and the S.S. *Parthia* 13,362 tons.

There is news that the *Batory* will be making a West Indies cruise next January and February. It is anticipated that the ship will sail from Southampton on January 16, 1959, visiting Bermuda, Havana, Cartagena, Curaçao, Trinidad, Barbados, St. Kitts and Lisbon, returning to this country on February 22. Fares will run from £200 per head.

Should you wish to escape winter at its worst, there is a sixteen-week tour of New Zealand which has been arranged, leaving Southampton on December 6, 1958, by M.V. *Dominion Monarch*, and returning to Southampton on March 27, 1959. This is essentially a leisurely holiday, days idling on the beach, alternating with drives to more exciting spots on the islands. Calls are made at Cape Town and Australia on the way out, and, incidentally, on the return journey. The inclusive charge is £865 for this once-in-a-lifetime holiday.

W. D. C. C.

THE CURIOUSLY-SHAPED HARBOUR OF PORTPATRICK: The pleasant houses of this small fishing village and holiday resort surround the harbour, which faces out across the open sea of the Irish Channel. With the development of steam, Stranraer was found more convenient and the harbour at Portpatrick, constructed in the nineteenth century, has become much dilapidated.

hotels and restaurants for a plate of Scotch porridge, an oatmealed fresh herring, and baps. In fact, to adapt slightly Smollett's "Humphry Clinker," I would say that "If I was confined to Scotland for life, I would choose Galloway as the place of residence."

In Kirkcudbright I would certainly consider the little town bearing the same name in which to make my home. For me it is undoubtedly the best example of an old-world town in Scotland, and its spell and charm has made it a home and haunt of artists, including the late E. A. Hornel and Charles Oppenheimer, while for the tourist there are some good hotels. Not far distant is lovely Dundrennan Abbey, whose first monks came from Rievaulx, in Yorkshire, and very similar they must have found the site of their new home, deep in a wooded valley with a stream close by. Mary Queen of Scots sheltered here on her last night in Scotland. In later years, after the abbey was abandoned, much of the stonework was used as building material in the neighbourhood.

South-east of Castle Douglas and east of Kirkcudbright are two pleasant, small seaside resorts, Kippford and Rockcliffe. The former is well known for its yachting facilities, but I prefer the latter for a leisurely holiday, and also because it possesses an excellent hotel.

West of Kirkcudbright is Gatehouse, whence a glorious coastal road runs through to Newton Stewart. It is said that when Queen Victoria asked Thomas Carlyle which he considered the finest road in Scotland, he replied: "That between Gatehouse and Newton Stewart." And when the Queen asked "Which is the second best," the sage said "The road back." I would add that the beauty of this road hinges considerably on the weather and the state of the tide, for when the latter recedes a considerable distance it leaves behind a not particularly attractive expanse of mud and sand flats.

Continuing westwards from Gatehouse, Newton Stewart is reached. (Incidentally, the rail journey across the moors between Newton Stewart and Loch Skerrow to the east offers one of the grandest of scenic trips.) From this pleasant town you are within easy reach of the National Forest Park, the largest of its kind in Britain, while, to the west, lies Loch Trool, set in the midst of hills and one of the fairest spots in Southern Scotland. It is 1½ miles long, and beside it stands the great stone monument which commemorates the defeat of English forces by Robert the Bruce in 1307.

To explore the Galloway coast you must make a series of sweeps southwards, out to the open sea, then inland again up the side of some wide bay or deep inlet. From Newton Stewart, the largest of these bulges is known as the Machars, a beautiful, unspoilt countryside, a mixture of moorland, woodland and good farming land. Here is Wigtown, the tiny county capital, where stands the Martyrs' Monument to Margaret McLanchlan and Margaret Wilson, who died for the Covenant. Then, to the south is Whithorn, which is the site of St. Ninian's Chapel, the first Christian Church in Scotland (A.D. 396). In a remote spot on the coast a few miles away is St. Ninian's Cave, where many early crosses were discovered.

Continuing on westwards, I came to Stranraer, the principal town in the province of Galloway. While its position on Loch Ryan is attractive, the town itself does not appeal to me as a holiday centre, although it certainly is a good base for excursions, including day trips to Northern Ireland. I much prefer nearby Portpatrick, a little fishing village and small holiday resort, which is as attractive a spot for a quiet holiday as any I have seen in Britain. Contained within high curving cliffs, its curiously-shaped harbour faces the open sea of the Irish Channel. Once this harbour was extremely active, but the passing of the steamers from it to Stranraer has now deprived it of its trade. Yet, with its cliffs, its two golf courses and its individual charm, including its attractive surroundings, I feel that this escapist spot is outstanding. Nor is it really difficult of access, for there is a through night express (with sleepers) between London and Stranraer, whence Portpatrick is only eight miles away.

Such are but glimpses of the South-West of Scotland, fascinating in its wide variety of scenery and equally wide variety of interest. As a final memory, I think back on the many fine herds of Ayrshire and Banded Galloway cattle which dot the lush emerald-green fields and hillsides.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Dumfries	CAIRNDALE (excellent cuisine)
	COUNTY
Castle Douglas	SELKIRK ARMS
	MAYFIELD (for riding holidays)
Rockcliffe	BARON'S CRAIG
Gatehouse-of-Fleet	THE CALLY (luxury type, standing in extensive park)
	MURRAY ARMS
Creetown	ELLENGOWAN
Kippford	ANCHOR
Newton Stewart	GALLOWAY ARMS
Stranraer	GEORGE
Portpatrick	PORTPATRICK (fine position is the main recommendation; also near golf links)

SUGGESTED MOTORING ITINERARY

Carlisle—Gretna—Ecclefechan—Lockerbie—Moffat—Abington—Dalveen Pass—Thornhill—*Dumfries*.

Dumfries—New Abbey (for Sweetheart Abbey)—Kirkbean—Dalbeattie—Castle Douglas—Dalry—New Galloway—Kirkcudbright—*Gatehouse-of-Fleet*.

Gatehouse-of-Fleet—Newton Stewart—Glenluce—Stranraer—*Portpatrick*.

Portpatrick—Port William—Whithorn—Wigtown—Newton Stewart—New Galloway—*Castle Douglas*.

Castle Douglas—Dumfries—Gretna—*Carlisle*.

NOTE.—The places in italics are suggested night halts. Although five days are shown in this itinerary, three or four more days at least are recommended, so as to allow for local excursions and lazing.

GENERAL INFORMATION

For further information apply to: The Galloway Publicity Association, 146, King Street, Castle Douglas, and to the Dumfries Tourist Office, Dumfries.

Bartholomew's "Half-inch" map of Galloway (sheet 37) covers practically all the area mentioned in the article.

For general background reading:

The Raiders, by S. R. Crockett.
Raiderland, by S. R. Crockett.
The Lowlands of Scotland, by George Scott Moncrieff.
The Solway Firth, by Brian Blake.
Galloway, by Andrew McCormick.
Glasgow, Kyle and Galloway, by Theo Lang.

THE FIRST BRITISH MOBILE OIL-DRILLING PLATFORM : The view, taken from the bucket of a nearby crane, gives an impression of the overall size of the platform, which is rapidly being constructed by Steel Structures Limited, of Southampton, in readiness for launching at the end of next week. Over 3,000 tons of steel has been incorporated in the structure, which is 190 ft. in length, 106 ft. in width and 16 ft. in depth. The platform is completely self-contained with accommodation for up to thirty people.

NEW-TYPE STRUCTURE IN BRITAIN

An Oil-drilling Platform Nears Completion at Southampton

The first Mobile Oil-Drilling Platform to be manufactured in the United Kingdom will be ready for launching at the end of next week. It has been constructed by Steel Structures Limited, of Southampton, one of the Howard Group of Companies. The contract; which is worth nearly £1,000,000, was placed with Steel Structures Limited last November by the De Long Corporation of America. The contract is expected to earn 1,000,000 dollars, as approximately one-third of the payment will be made in dollars.

The platform, for which 3,000 tons of steel has been used, is 190 ft. in length, 106 ft. in width and 16 ft. in depth. It is completely self-contained with air-conditioned accommodation for a drill crew of thirty men. When completed it will have its own generators, drilling rig, with mud hoppers, capable of drilling down to 15,000 ft. below the sea bed, and a helicopter platform. The total weight of the platform when completed and fitted-out will be in the region of 4,500 tons. It operates in the following way:

When the appropriate site is reached the four retractable legs, which are 235 ft. in length, are lowered until they reach the bottom of the sea. At this point a powerful hydraulic mechanism is engaged which literally causes the entire platform to "climb up on its own legs" to a position where it is quite clear of any lifting action from the waves. When required to move to another position, the platform is lowered into the sea, the legs are retracted and it can then be towed away. It has been designed by the De Long Corporation of America and incorporates their patent jacking system.

TAKING SHAPE : Workmen are seen on the platform which is to be delivered towards the end of the summer to the Shell Company for use for off-shore drilling operations off the coast of Borneo. When completed it will weigh about 4,500 tons.

AN INTRICATE OPERATION : Stiffening rings in the 10-ft.-diameter tubes are welded. The tubes form the 235-ft. retractable legs of the mobile oil-drilling platform.

The Mobile Oil-Drilling Platform is scheduled for delivery in August to the Shell Company for use in off-shore drilling operations off the coast of Borneo. It is designed for towing half-way round the world and for subsequent operations in 125 ft. of water.

Only two other similar platforms have been built in Europe. These were ordered by the De Long Corporation from Germany.

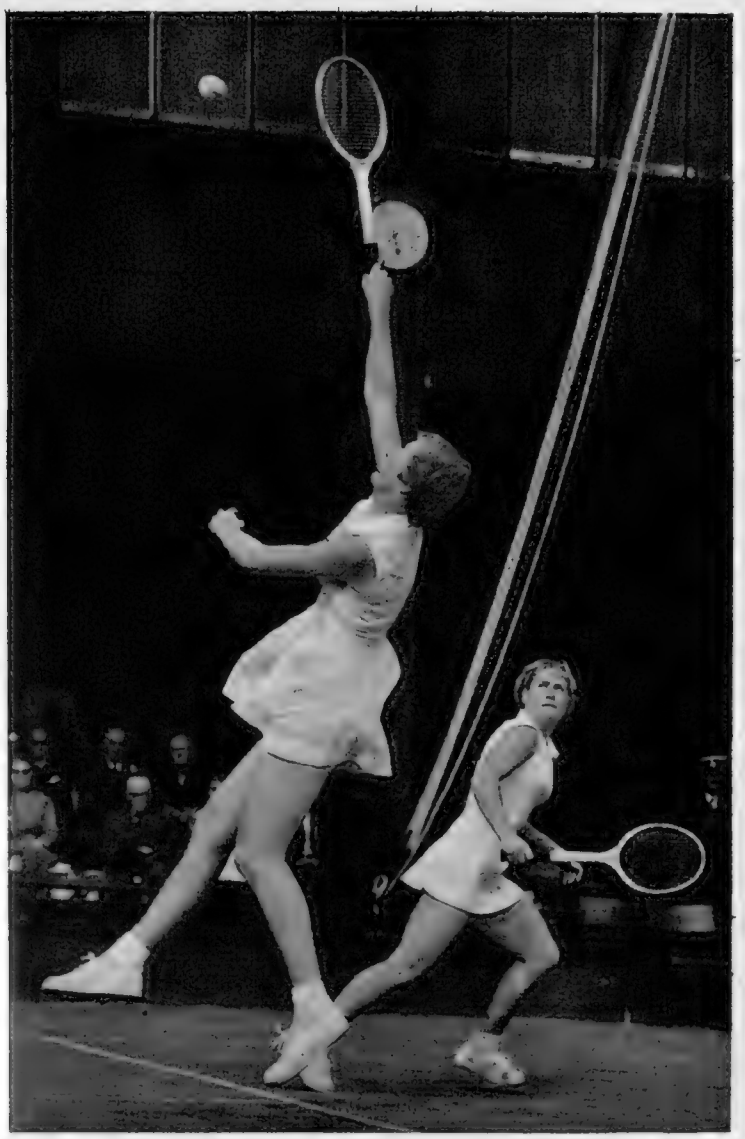
One of these, the Adma Enterprise, substantially similar to the Steel Structures platform, is at present operating in the Persian Gulf. For this third European mobile oil-drilling platform the contract was won by Steel Structures in the face of strong German opposition both as to time and cost. The Adma Enterprise took nine-and-a-half months to construct, the Steel Structures platform is expected to be ready after eight months.

Since the bulk of the steel for the platform had to be imported from Germany, Southampton was chosen for the site owing to its proximity to the Continent and its good port handling facilities. In any future undertaking it is likely that the bulk of the steel requirements can be met from home. The Steel Structures Limited's works at Southampton were created in two months and the platform was started in January.

In its present operation Steel Structures is not only earning dollars and saving British currency, but is giving further proof that British firms are the most competitive in the world.

BRITAIN REGAINS THE WIGHTMAN CUP

After Twenty-eight Years and Twenty-one Consecutive Defeats



THE DOUBLES MATCH ON THE FIRST DAY: Miss Christine Truman jumps in the air to smash, covered by her partner, Miss Shirley Bloomer, in their match at Wimbledon against the American pair, Mrs. D. P. Knode and Miss K. Fageros. The British pair won 6—2, 6—3 and Britain led 2—1 after the first day of this year's Wightman Cup contest. On the second day Britain regained the Cup, which America had held since 1930, by four matches to three. The heroine of the contest was Miss Truman, who won all her matches, including a surprising and epic victory against Miss Althea Gibson, the reigning Wimbledon champion. This gave Britain the lead again after Miss Bloomer had lost the opening match of the second day to Mrs. Knode, 4—6, 2—6. The contest was clinched when the left-handed British player, Miss Ann Haydon, beat Miss M. Arnold 6—3, 5—7, 6—3.

HEROINE OF THE WIGHTMAN CUP: Miss Christine Truman is seen in play against the American champion, Miss Althea Gibson. In a superb contest, the young British player, who is only seventeen, out-hit and out-generalled her opponent, after she had lost the first set 2—6 and the match seemed all over. Miss Truman's devastating forehand and powerful net play overcame Miss Gibson and she won 2—6, 6—3, 6—4. Miss Gibson's sincere congratulations to Miss Truman set a fine example in sportsmanship.

ON THE NO. 1 COURT AT WIMBLEDON: Miss Althea Gibson leaps across the court to return a ball on her backhand in her match on the first day. She beat Miss Shirley Bloomer 6—3, 6—4 and demonstrated her all-round superiority and powerful attacking game.

THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH TEAM: Led by the non-playing captain, Mrs. W. C. J. Halford, with the Wightman Cup, the players leave the court. They are, left to right, Miss A. Shilcock, Miss C. Truman, Miss S. Bloomer, Miss A. Haydon and Miss P. Ward.

The World of Books

A PASSION FOR DOCUMENTATION

American Views on France; The Story of a Famous Courtesan; Von Manstein's Theories of the War; And Contemporary and Historical Novels.

SOMEBODY has recently been pointing out what seems to be the bad effect the American passion for documentation is having upon their contemporary literature. Without wishing to stick my own critical neck out it appears to me that we have an excellent example to hand in HOLIDAY IN FRANCE (Deutsch. 18s.), collected and illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans.

It consists of some twenty-one articles all originally published in the magazine *Holiday*, and as the title indicates they are all about France. Mr. Bemelmans is right to lead off with an inimitable piece by Colette on French women and to follow it with an urbane contribution from himself on French rogues and then by a perceptive article on French children by Ruth McKenney and an understanding vignette of Parisian artists by that talented writer, Mr. Paul Bowles. None of these finds it necessary to tell the reader the number of French women, children, rogues or artists there are extant at the time of writing, nor do they comment on the percentage of blondes to brunettes, etc. Nor, for that matter, does Mr. John Steinbeck who writes a typically atmospheric and nostalgic piece about the impact of the capital of France and its inhabitants upon one American.

FOR THE CENTENARY PERFORMANCE AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: Mrs. Gwendolin Verdon, an embroideress, displays the nylon satin programme for the Gala Performance at Covent Garden, on June 10. The programme, in a leather container, was made for the Queen, with a similar programme for Prince Philip.

Not so some of the others. Surely it should be possible to write about Monte Carlo without telling us how many square miles, rods, poles or perches there are in the place? Nor can we be impressed by the information (inaccurate) that it is best to visit La Turbie in the afternoon as it is crowded by buses in the morning. The article by Mr. Joseph Wechsberg entitled: "*France's Three-Star Restaurants*" is on the esoteric level of those who are acquainted with the *Guide Michelin* and who have purses and travel allowances large enough to follow those stars into the most expensive eating places in the world. Those not having such qualifications will be well advised to skip Mr. Wechsberg, particularly when he begins to extol that place at Vienne which he has made internationally famous and to which large American cars bear down from all points of the compass to order steak and chips. One thing which interested me more than somewhat was that Mr. Wechsberg appears to like one dish above all others—mashed potatoes!

The lady whose career is benevolently under review in the next book was French, too. She was one Ninon de Lenclos who lived through the greater part of the seventeenth century to die, greatly regretted, in 1705. Her story is that of a celebrated courtesan, possibly one of the best known in the world, and the legend that she still received a lover when she was seventy years old has not noticeably dimmed that reputation. NINON (Jarrolds. 18s.), by Mrs. Lillian Day, an American writer who has contributed both research and an enthusiastic revival spirit to the stories of the *grand siècle*, is a lively book since the story of the lady, rich enough in incident itself, is also inextricably mixed with the stories of Versailles, the gossip about the King's ministers, the dicta of the king himself including that memorable one that it was no longer a disgrace to be in trade. Ninon was not only one of the champions of longevity and a much and professionally loved woman; it was she who said nearly three centuries ago that one day France would lead the world in fashion. A clear-sighted woman in more ways than one. She left, in her short will, 1,000 francs for books to be given to the eleven-year-old Voltaire.

From which collection of delights, some of them familiar to us, some of them fresh discoveries, to a consideration of a far different matter: Field-Marshal Erich von Manstein's volume of memoirs dealing with the campaigns he commanded during the last war, until his differences with Hitler led to his quasi-retirement. LOST VICTORIES (Methuen. 50s.) is drily written but it is not impersonal and it should have as much significance for the English as for the Russians, the Poles and the French. Briefly, it was Manstein who planned the tank thrust through the Ardennes which led to the collapse of the British and French armies in 1940; Manstein who conquered the Crimea and the fortress of Sevastopol, and again Manstein who won victories on the Donetz and at Kharkhov. When the field-marshal planned to save his armies in the Russian campaign by gradual withdrawals and, in fact, achieved one behind the Dnieper, Hitler was categorically opposed to giving up an inch of Russian soil and it was at this time, in 1944, that Manstein was relieved of his command, not to be employed again.

The translation and editing have been done excellently well by Mr. Anthony G. Powell.

Since this appears to be the week for contrasts the first of the novels is Mrs. Angela Thirkell's latest chronicle of doings in briskest Barsetshire, a region slightly more class conscious than Paris before the fall of the Bastille and benignly devoted to gossip in general and waffling in particular. CLOSE QUARTERS (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) pursues the life stories of many of the familiar characters and brings two of them to a mortal conclusion, two to a happy one. The trouble is that everyone by now, and that goes for the readers, too, has become middle-aged, and exclusively middle-aged doings are really never as much fun, even when spiced by a few octogenarian quips. Readable, of course, as ever, for people who recognise Dickensian quotations or respect the fact that land tenure brings responsibility or, indeed, for those who enjoy the minutiæ of social behaviour on a domestic scale. And there are many who do.

The family in THE MAD MOTLEYS OF SWANWORTH (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) are as fictional but bound by other conventions than Mrs. Thirkell's. Miss Natala de la Fère has imagined a fairly dotty but far from incredible family, also living in the English countryside but having, on the whole, less to do with the Dean and Chapter. Her story-cum-recital is full of vitality and amusing oddities such as a mother with a firm belief that she is descended from the Druids, a larger than life, pub-conscious father and three children cut to no known pattern. Amusing and far from the stereotyped picture of an English village and its inhabitants.

THE NAKED VILLANY (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) is an odd spelling for an odd but rewarding novel by a new-ish writer who calls himself Jocelyn Davey, works in Whitehall and has been an Oxford don. Traces of each of these high-class pursuits are visible in his sprightly story of an Oxford don, a young one, who likes the mysterious, the bizarre, the philosophic and the erudite. There is a good deal of strictly non-academic action and considerable entertainment in his story, and I recommend it as a possible alternative to the thick ear or Kerouac type of literary treat.

M. François-Régis Bastide has written the story of a Russian man and a Swedish woman ekeing out their precarious lives in Paris during a period of thirty years. He is capable of adventure, of dangerous exploits and of relishing his existence. She is reserved, an exceptional linguist and a shut-in character by nature. THE ALIENS (Hutchinson. 16s.) is the tale of their association up to the time of the last war and the tragedy of their separate natures. Sensitively written and subtly translated from the French by Mr. Peter Mayne.

The next two books come from the United States. First, Miss Bianca VanOrden's WATER MUSIC (Hart-Davis. 18s.), which is concerned with young American intellectuals falling in love with each other in the orthodox and less orthodox ways, and with the setting of Florence and its surroundings. Miss VanOrden writes with a real understanding of their attainments and even more understanding of their often callow expressions. It is a likeable book in many ways but although I felt that the author's intention was to transmit some kind of moving quality I found that I could only appreciate her novel from the head and never from the heart.

THE END OF PITY (Harrap. 15s.) is a collection of eleven short stories by Mr. Robie Macauley. They are as clever and as smooth as the best paint, readable because of that and, in the main, rather depressing. I don't know why this should be except that the writer is dealing so often with macabre situations whether of terror, of a child's irremediable violence, of an ugly scene on a lonely beach or of a melancholy incident in post-war Japan.

THE WINTHROP WOMAN (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.), by Miss Anya Seton, is a long, often exciting and wonderfully evocative story about a figure in pioneer America who lived in Puritan times but not always with the Puritan code. Miss Seton has based the tale as exactly as possible and, after four years of close research, on an actual personage and has kept to the recorded facts of this tempestuous creature's long and spirited life. Rewarding, richly-coloured stuff.

Another historical novel in something of the same grand manner, by Miss Catherine Gavin, is MADELEINE (Macmillan. 16s.), and this story, too, is based on the facts known to the author's own family. The period is the nineteenth century, and that winter when the Empress Eugènie came to Egypt to open de Lesseps' great "ditch," the Suez Canal. In her entourage was a beautiful French girl with whom the young Scots engineer (an ancestor of Miss Gavin's—or one akin to him) fell deeply in love and the rest of the tale is concerned with their love story, flowering in exotic court circles, thwarted by the Franco-Prussian War and finally coming to its dramatic end, triumphant and tragic.

BREAKSPEAR IN GASCONY (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a play in three acts by Mr. Eric Linklater and it is set in the fifteenth century, during the Hundred Years' War. With that, however, the archaisms end for the English wine merchant and his situation, his love and his chances of survival through wars and lesser squabbles, all have a modern application and Mr. Linklater has brought his satirical turn of comedy, his wit and his robust imagination to an amusing little *tour de force*.

Vernon Fane

ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE

Great Names in South Polar Exploration

Since the conquest of Everest there has been a spate of books on the Himalaya. After the achievement of the South Polar crossing another flood of exploration literature is to be expected. Inevitably the tide will bring in much literary flotsam and jetsam and the reader will want to know how to discriminate between the worthwhile and the worthless. If Gerald Bowman's FROM FUCHS TO SCOTT (Evans. 16s.) is accepted as the standard, other writers will have to aim very high. In his brief historical introduction one may query some of his assumptions. For instance, Palmer's claim to the discovery of Antarctica is often disputed. But once the author starts to describe the exploits of the great names in South Polar exploration in the past fifty years he is both instructive and enthralling. The tragic Scott, Amundsen the ruthless planner, Byrd the aviator—each emerges in his proper proportions. The many reports on the journeys of Fuchs and Hillary last year and this are condensed in a taut and exciting narrative.

Mr. Bowman is at his best on Shackleton. In the past few months we have often read references to Shackleton's great dream and heroic failure. But do many of us know what really happened in those ghastly winters of nearly forty years ago? The author tells us—and what a story he has to relate, based in part on the evidence of a survivor from an expedition which showed such courage and endurance under so superb a leader that it almost gave a new meaning to the word heroism. This section is brilliant writing and profoundly moving reading.

What is Dartington Hall? Victor Bonham-Carter found he had to ask this question seven years ago. So he set out to investigate the estate in Devonshire, became vastly interested and now gives his answer to the question in DARTINGTON HALL (Phœnix. 30s.). W. B. Curry contributes an account of the school and although it is as an educational establishment that many may regard Dartington, the authors show that it is very much more than that. Mr. Bonham-Carter sub-titles the book *The History of an Experiment*, which in thirty-three years has included agriculture, horticulture and forestry, the arts and economic and technical research as well as education. He has been given full access to the necessary documents and information but this is not a dreary official record. Weaknesses as well as strengths are revealed and herein lies the merit of the volume. It is a balanced appraisal of an experiment in sane and creative living which no one with an intelligent approach to the labyrinth of contemporary problems can afford to neglect.

Another book concerned with Devon, but with a far wider geographical area than Dartington, is the new Regional book DARTMOOR, by E. W. Martin (Hale. 18s.). Like its predecessors in this series it is pleasantly discursive, ranging over matters of topography, botany, history, biography, and much else. The author is not only concerned with the past and the present. He also looks to the future when Dartmoor will have become a National Park and considers some of the problems which may arise for the local people from this development.

PRINCE AMONG THE TAILORS

s a lover of books, I deplore the careless proof-reading so often nowadays to be noted, as the new s stream from the presses. When a foreigner (and often an Englishman) chooses to write about the nd Whiggery, he should, above all, have near some ert on his charge to put him right in handling the iculous forms of English courtesy titles. The igs ridiculed or despised the middle classes who mis-iled them, and an author who writes about them uld know that Lady Hester Stanhope should not be ed "Lady Stanhope," nor Lord Robert Manners ord Manners." Such errors are rife in BEAU UMMELL, by Carlo Franzero (Alvin Redman. 21s.), there are even more serious proofs of carelessness. kler-Muskau was a gossip-writer of no importance, his name occurs in this book in various spellings *never right.*

George Brummell was a good deal less important n this author makes him out. A king of Society he er was; at his best a Prince among the tailors and an iter of fashion without flamboyance for smart young n. Georgiana Devonshire would have sent him a card invitation—since she collected "cards"—but she er wasted a thought on him. If he is a "legendary ure," it is because legends cling to him, and in this k all the old stories are collected and rehashed. d, though the details of his daily *toilette* in his hey-day the sad days of exile in Calais and Caen are more y treated than usual, there is little given us which not at the disposal of Conan Doyle—the great gyist—when he created Sir Charles Tregellis in *lney Stone.* Yet, despite its faults, the book makes using and pleasant reading, as the Grand Whiggery ays does.

HIMSELF WHEN YOUNG

new edition of Winston Churchill's *My Early Life,* first published in 1930, is a welcome revival, ecially for its new maps and illustrations. The book ers his childhood, schooldays and training for the my, service in India, and "interventions" in the wars Cuba, Malakand, Omdurman and the Boer War, d his first beginnings in politics and literature. This nibus, that never stops running, is, of course, an ispensable authority for a full-dress biography. Sir nston never wrote a dull page in his life, and perhaps greatest charm of this autobiography lies in the fact at stage by stage, from nursery to public life, the guage keeps step with his advance in years and perience. The juvenile years are described in the guage of a bright boy, and as the boy grows into a an, and thence into a public figure, so the language adens and develops its famous rhythm and style. s a point for all autobiographers to note, for it is very ling. But through the changes, the bright schoolboy never submerged. Impishness breaks out and the tail at is still trailed when it is transformed from swallow-ils to frock . . . and even to-day that schoolboy is not tirely suppressed in the G.O.M. MY EARLY IFE, by W. S. Churchill (Odhams. 15s.), is cheap at e price, even though almost every chapter is familiar readers and admirers the world over. It is a bargain bbed when one can buy a nicely-bound book without dull or commonplace sentence in it, at the price a halfpenny a page.

John Gore.

Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier were two y different types of women. The former was the istress of Benjamin Constant and regarded as an moral rather than an immoral character. The latter as the beautiful but chaste wife of a banker. Yet they re intimate friends. The reasons for this and the velopment of their relationship in the opening years the nineteenth century are the subject of Maurice vaillant's THE PASSIONATE EXILES (Allen and win. 30s.). He has drawn on many unpublished ters and documents to portray his two central figures their surroundings of Napoleon's Europe.

The non-specialised reader may find SIX WINGS, by orge Sarton (The Bodley Head. 25s.), rather heavy ing. Even the title of the book requires some under-nding, deriving from allusions to Old Testament texts d medieval scholarship. The subject is men of science the Renaissance and much of the material consists of tures which Professor Sarton, who died recently, livered at Indiana University, in America. Such as pernicus, Tycho Brahe, Paracelsus and, of course, onardo were pioneers in the scientific outlook which to-y is a normal attitude. Professor Sarton's description their lives and achievements is based on massive learning hich is evident on every one of his 300 pages.

Three additions to the Oxford University Press World lassics are very welcome. RICHARD HAKLUYT: OYAGES AND DOCUMENTS (8s. 6d.) is a selection ade by Janet Hampden who also writes an introduction nd contributes a glossary. A HERO OF OUR OWN IMES, by Mikhail Yurevich Lermontov (7s.), is anslated by Eden and Cedar Paul and introduced by ir Maurice Bowra. George Gissing's much-neglected asterpiece, NEW GRUB STREET (9s. 6d.), has an troduction by G. W. Stonier.

C. D.

THE STAGE AT INGESTRE HALL: In the Jacobean Great Hall of the Earl of Shrewsbury's home, the Restoration masque opera, *Venus and Adonis*, by John Blow, is being performed. This is one of the operas in this year's festival at Ingestre which opened recently. *Venus and Adonis* was written as a lyrical and intimate Court masque for one of the mistresses of Charles II. In the production by Anthony Besch, Venus was sung by Una Hale, Adonis by David Couzyn and Cupid by Maria Zeri. The Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra was conducted by John Pritchard. In the same programme Bizet's student comedy *Dr. Miracle* was performed The decorative sets for both operas were by Peter Rice. Alternating with *Venus and Adonis*, Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* is being performed. This is often considered the first real opera composed by an Englishman—written in 1689 by the young Henry Purcell to be enacted in a girls' school. The libretto was by the Poet Laureate of the time, Nahum Tate, based on the classical tale of passion and death in Virgil's *Aeneid Book* 4. One of Mr. Tate's couplets for the opera is: "Our plot has took, The Queen's forsook." Nevertheless, Purcell wrote some of his finest music for the opera, including the aria, "When I Am Laid in Earth."

A BREAK IN REHEARSALS: Some of the principals at the Ingestre Opera Festival stroll in the grounds. They are, left to right, David Couzyn, Alexander Young, Jacqueline Delman, Jess Walters, Heather Harper and John Dobson.

THE SECOND OPERA SEASON AT INGESTRE

PRINCIPAL SINGERS: The soprano, Gerda Lammers, rehearses her part as Dido, with John Dobson (Aeneas), outside one of the doors of Ingestre Hall.

BIZET'S "DR. MIRACLE": In this scene are, left to right, Jess Walters as the Mayor of Padua, Jacqueline Delman as the Mayor's daughter Lauretta, and Anna Pollak as Veronique.

A YACHT WHICH MAY CARRY THE HOPES OF AMERICA: Crowds have assembled on the little quay at Stamford, Connecticut, to watch the launch of the 12-metre yacht *Weatherly*. It is one of the four American yachts scheduled to take part next month in the eliminating trials from which the defender of the America's Cup will be chosen. Of the four yachts, only three are newly-built. The fourth is the veteran *Vim*, whose fitting-out trials are well under way. With the launching of *Weatherly*, only one vessel remains on the stocks. This is the *Easterner*, which is scheduled to enter the waters at Marblehead, Massachusetts, a short time before the trials. The 26-ton *Weatherly* was built by Mr. H. Mercer, of New Jersey, Mr. C. Walsh and Mr. A. Frese. Her captain is to be Mr. A. Knapp, Jnr., a member of the crew of the J-class craft *Ranger* in the 1937 races for the America's Cup. The *Weatherly* is to be fitted with an 82-ft. aluminium mast.

AMERICA'S CUP PREPARATIONS

Another Possible Rival to Britain's "Sceptre" is Launched in the United States

SAILING IN A STIFF BREEZE: A blue-and-white nylon spinnaker is unfurled on the veteran 12-metre yacht *Vim* as she starts to skim through the waters off Newport, Rhode Island. She is one of the possible defenders of the America's Cup race to be begun in American waters on September 30.

ON LAND AND WATER: *Columbia*, another of the four American yachts, sails in Long Island Sound during fitting-out trials. The yacht's spinnaker has just been unfurled for the first time. *On left*—An unusual view of the stern of *Weatherly* on the stocks a short time before launching.

A Message to "The Sphere" from
The President of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors

I welcome the enterprise of THE SPHERE *in publishing a Special British Aviation Section as a prelude to the nineteenth Display and Exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, which will take place at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, in the first week of September.*

This year's S.B.A.C. Display and Exhibition will be larger, and we hope, more interesting, than ever before. Its world-wide renown, and its consequent attraction for great numbers of potential buyers from overseas, have helped materially in the advancement of our export trade, which in value has grown nearly ten-fold since the years immediately after the war, and is nowadays a vital contribution to our national well-being and prestige.

The needs of civil aircraft operators—perforce neglected by the demands of war—have during the last decade received unremitting attention from our aircraft constructors. It is in consequence particularly gratifying to record the successes achieved by the new generation of British airliners in operation in all parts of the world. These aircraft, and others at present under construction, will form an increasing part of our export programme year by year.

In these days of change the Aircraft Industry's export trade has become of outstanding importance as a means of maintaining its future prosperity, and the wide circulation which you are planning for this issue can only be helpful in supporting the great efforts of the Society's Member-companies in augmenting their trade in the Commonwealth and in foreign lands.

The writer of this message, Mr. C. F. Uwins, O.B.E., F.R.Ae.S., a deputy chairman of The Bristol Aeroplane Co. Ltd.

BRITISH AVIATION AND WORLD MARKETS

A HERON LIGHT FEEDER-LINER BELONGING TO THE TURKISH AIRLINES: de Havilland's have sold many Herons—which carry 14 to 17 passengers over stage lengths of up to 1,080 miles—to airlines all over the world. The Company also produces an "executive special" version, which can be used as a mobile hotel-office favoured by American businessmen. The Heron 2 is powered by four de Havilland Gipsy Queen Series 30 Mark 2 engines and has a cruising speed at 8,000 ft. of 183 m.p.h.

With the great growth in business flying, especially in the United States, where the distances are great enough to show a time-saving in travel by air, the industry is producing more and more executive aircraft. More than 25,000 aeroplanes are used for business purposes alone in America. Over a hundred de Havilland Herons and Doves (carrying eight to eleven passengers) have been sold to American customers. The cost of operating one of the Series 6 executive Doves, which cost something over £32,000 when fully-equipped with duplicated V.H.F. radio, automatic direction-finder and instrument landing system for all weather operation, works out at about 8.8d. per passenger per mile over a journey of 350 miles, assuming that the aircraft is used for 500 hours a year.

Most aircraft used for executive travel are of a smaller type than the Heron and Dove. In this field is the Auster Atlantic, a single-engined, four-seater light aircraft intended for the private owner or businessman. Two versions are under development—the Windsor de luxe, a fully-equipped version with a soundproofed and air-conditioned cabin, and the less extensively equipped Winchester. However, in America and elsewhere larger aircraft are being used privately by corporations—many of them luxuriously fitted out. Britain, for instance, sells the Herald, fitted with Rolls-Royce Dart turboprops, and, even larger, the Viscount.

THE DART HERALD UNDERGOES A HEAVY TEST-FLYING PROGRAMME: Since its recent first flight, the Handley Page turboprop medium-range airliner has already spent over seventy hours in the air. It has received a provisional certificate of airworthiness. A second prototype of the Herald "Branch-Liner" is due to fly this summer.

THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA: This 314 version, one of t Aircraft Ltd. and destined for Canadian Pacific Airline tion for up to 133 passengers and is economical

BRITISH AVIATION AND WORLD MARKETS

By JOHN TAYLOR

AT no time in history has the future pattern of aviation progress been so difficult to predict as it is to-day. Twelve months ago the trend in military aviation at least seemed clear in Britain. With long-range nuclear-warhead rockets—the so-called ultimate weapons—on the way, there seemed little point in continuing the development of piloted fighters and bombers for the Royal Air Force. Contracts for new aircraft were cancelled; the aircraft industry began to wonder how it could survive without military orders; and overseas governments, long accustomed to buying British aircraft for their air forces, were confronted with the prospect of having to take their custom elsewhere. Only the non-technically-minded taxpayer felt happy, in the mistaken belief that the defence budget would be smaller when human pilots gave way to push-buttons and computers.

Now the whole picture has changed. The "ultimate weapons" no longer appear so ultimate, because electronics engineers and scientists can foresee a reasonable system of defence against the long-range ballistic missile. As a result, the R.A.F. is convinced of the future need for manned aircraft to maintain the all-important deterrent against aggression if the rocket is mastered, and to meet any comparable attack by enemy manned aircraft.

Nor is that all, for senior R.A.F. officers have stated publicly that there is a continued requirement for fighters to ward off foreign reconnaissance aircraft in peacetime and to deal with aircraft that otherwise might jam all our radar equipment electronically in wartime; for a low-level tactical bomber to replace the Canberra; for a simple lightweight ground-attack aircraft for use in local campaigns of the kind fought since the war in Korea, near Aden and in Malaya; and for a whole range of new transport aircraft and helicopters to give our armies the mobility that is essential in both full-scale atomic warfare and "police" actions.

In civil aviation, too, the picture is confused. A year ago the major airlines were coming to the end of the biggest buying spree in which they had ever indulged. To "keep up with the Joneses" in the new jet age, most of them had ordered huge fleets of airliners costing up to £2,000,000 each. U.S. domestic operators alone had placed contracts for jet and turboprop airliners costing more than twenty-five times their total profits for the year 1956. Now they are beginning to wonder where the money is coming from. Large cuts in government defence contracts have led to a marked decline in air travel by the businessmen who were their best customers.

It requires little expert knowledge to calculate that just four of the huge U.S. jet-liners now on order will be able to do as much work in a year as the entire fleet of eighty piston-engined airliners now operated by a company like Sabena, the Belgian national airline. Obviously, there must be vast increases in traffic before the airlines will be able to fill the 150 seats on each of these giants day after day; and the problem is not helped by the fact that the aircraft require such long runways for safe take-off and landing that they could operate into very few present-day airports with a full load.

AN AIRLINER OF THE FUTURE: The D.H.121, designed by de Havillands, has been chosen by B.E.A. for Continental inter-city travel. It will carry 70-80 standard-class passengers or 95-100 passengers in high-density seating stage lengths of up to 1,000 miles, and will have a maximum cruising speed of more than 600 m.p.

Most major international airports plan to lengthen their runways to accommodate the jet-liners, and Canada alone expects to spend up to £270,000,000 on airport improvements in the next ten to twenty years. But there are many smaller airports all over the world from which they will be barred. For that reason—and because of frightening economics which show that every time one of these big jets "goes round again" for a second approach at an airport it will burn extra fuel equivalent to the weight of ten passengers—airlines, airport authorities and air traffic controllers view the future with apprehension.

At such a time, we should hardly expect the British aircraft industry to be breaking export records; yet it is doing just that. Up to the end of May this year, it earned on average about £3,000,000 in overseas markets every week, beating its 1957 average by over 53 per cent.

There is no magic in this achievement, which reflects the simple fact that although Britain may not always build the most spectacular aircraft, its designers have unrivalled experience in producing the kind of aeroplan that fit best into the ordinary everyday pattern of ci and military flying throughout the world.

One of the best examples of this is the Hawker Hunt jet-fighter. By modern standards it is not fast, being supe sonic only in a dive; and it does not normally carry guided missile armament, although it can do so required. Instead, it offers a sturdy, uncomplicated a frame, with a reliable engine and handling characteristi that enable it to be flown by average pilots from cor paratively small airfields. As a result, it has earned total of some £180,000,000 in export orders, mostly fro countries like India, Sweden and Switzerland which ha neither the lengthy airfields nor the complex groun control networks needed by most of the superson fighters that appear more glamorous and advanced concept. What is more, it seems likely that Switzerlar will soon double its recent order for 100 Hunters.

In certain respects Britain's No. 2 aviation best-selle the Vickers Viscount airliner, might be called spectacula

by Short Bros. and Harland Ltd. at Belfast for Bristol
h-density medium-range airliner. It has accommoda-
lengths from 200 to 2,600 miles, cruising at 400 m.p.h.

A VISCOUNT OVER NEW YORK : This airliner built by Vickers is one of fifty-one ordered by Trans-Canada Air Lines. It is powered by four Dart 506 turboprop engines. Much praised Viscounts of the 700 series or 800 series have been sold to airlines all over the world; many of them are flying over Canada and the United States.

FIRST OF THE COMET 4's : Taking off from de Havilland's airfield at Hatfield on its first flight, this Comet is one of nineteen to be supplied to B.O.A.C. Powered by four Rolls-Royce Avon RA.29 turbojet engines, it will cruise for up to 3,000 miles at 500 m.p.h.

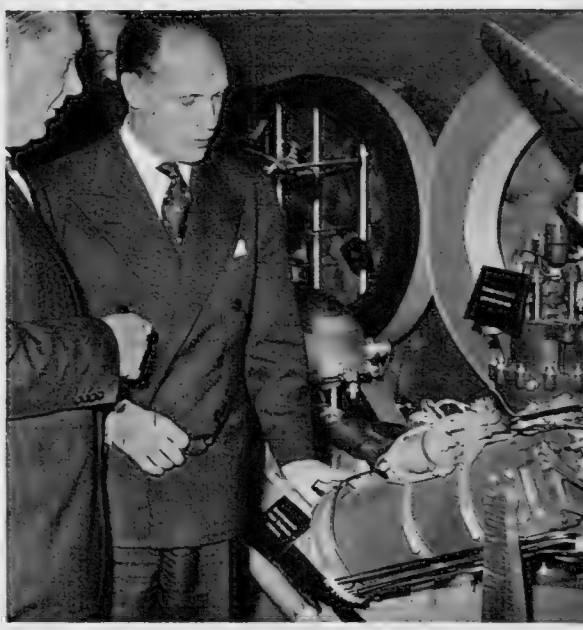
THE VICKERS VANGUARD 950 SERIES : Plans for this addition to the Vickers group of turboprop airliners were made public in 1955. B.E.A. and Trans-Canada Air Lines have each ordered twenty Vanguards. The first of them is due to fly this autumn.

was the first turboprop airliner to enter service any-
re in the world, introducing new standards of speed,
fort, reliability and economy on short and medium-
gth routes. But it fitted into the existing pattern of
ld air transport so easily and efficiently that only the
wing praises of its passengers and rising profits of its
rators reflected the fact that it was revolutionary.

The Hunter and Viscount, therefore, have in common
fact that an overseas customer can buy them and put
n into service without incurring vast indirect expendi-
on such things as lengthened runways and extensive
nd equipment. The same can be said of almost all
ritain's other exportable aircraft, such as the Canberra
ber, Heron and Dove executive aircraft, Herald
ler-liner, Gnat fighter, and even the 500 m.p.h. Comet
liner and the great Britannia turboprop airliner. More
anything, this is the key to success in the aviation
ort business, because there are far more customers
aircraft with these qualities than for those which offer
performance only at the cost of complexity.
Already the success of the Viscount has been paralleled
that of the Britannia, which has broken record after
ord on every route it flies. London is now less than
en-and-three-quarter hours from New York. New
k, in turn, is only just over five hours from Mexico
. It has brought Sydney eight-and-a-half hours
er to London and will soon make non-stop flights

(*Continued on following page*)

NOISE-SUPPRESSING NOZZLES : The nozzles, of Rolls-Royce design, are fitted to Pratt and Whitney engines of the first D.C.-8 jet airliner of the Douglas Aircraft Company. It recently made its initial flight.



NAPIER'S 150TH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION : Sir George Nelson (left) inspects a model with Mr. Aubrey Jones, Minister of Supply.

A FINE BRITISH FIGHTER: The Hawker Hunter Mk. 6 day-fighter is in production for the Royal Air Force, India and Switzerland. It is also being built under licence in Holland and Belgium. All day-fighter squadrons of the R.A.F. are now equipped with the Hunter. It is supersonic in shallow dives at height.

THE DH.110 SEA VIXEN : The largest and most powerful naval all-weather fighter in production for carrier-based operation by the Royal Navy, the Sea Vixen combines an outstanding performance with an operational capability which has hitherto only been possible in land-based aircraft. It can dive at supersonic speed, and is equipped throughout with the latest electronic combat and navigational aids.

BRITISH AVIATION AND WORLD MARKETS

(*Continued from previous page*)

between the Pacific coast of Canada and Europe an everyday occurrence.

The Britannia has demanded no special facilities or new techniques in exchange for all this. On the contrary, it has settled down so smoothly that B.O.A.C.'s fleet of Britannia 102's are averaging eight-and-a-half flying hours per aircraft every day. This represents an annual utilisation of over 3,000 hours, a figure equalled by very few other aircraft types.

Nor is there any reason why Britain's new jet-liner, the de Havilland Comet 4, should not do just as well when it enters service in a few months' time. It too can operate from existing runways, bringing a cruising speed of over 500 m.p.h. to routes where use of the big U.S. jets could never be justified. Furthermore, it has all the experience of more than 50,000 flying hours with earlier Comets built into its sleek, well-proven airframe, and de Havilland claim that it will offer unrivalled speed and economy on any route from 400 to 3,000 miles in length.

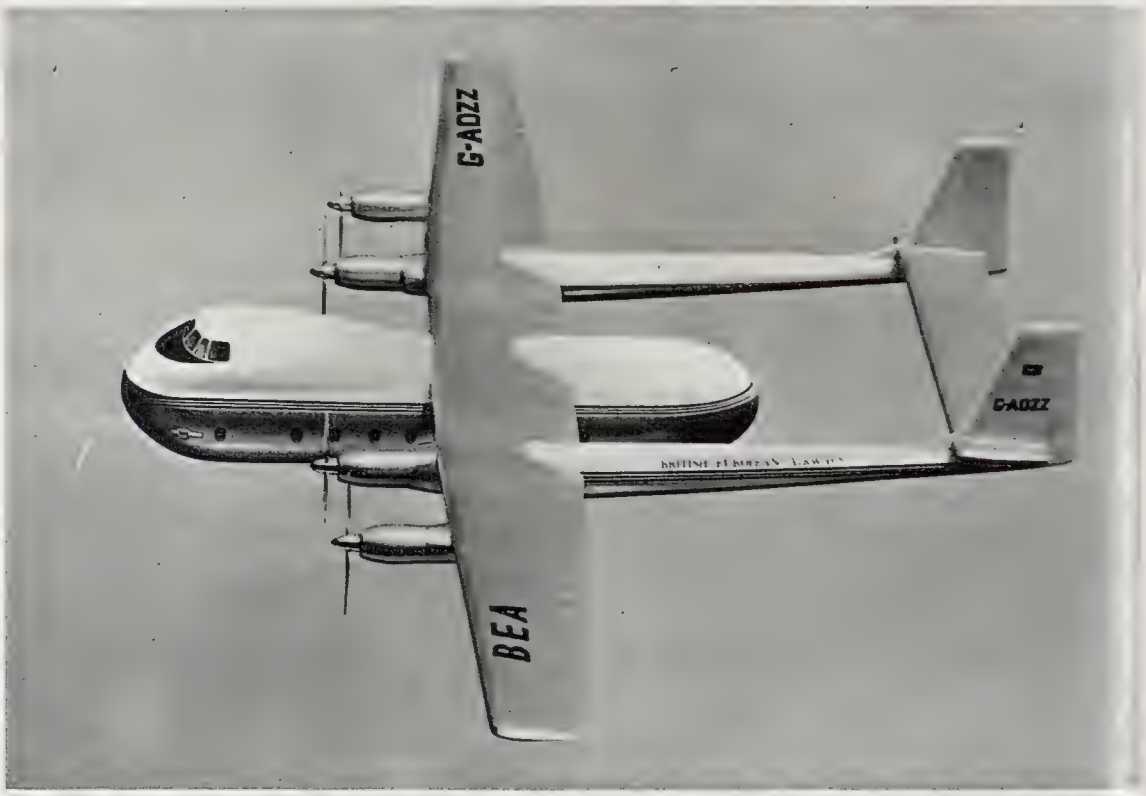
Even the next generation of larger, faster aircraft with which B.E.A. and B.O.A.C. will re-equip in the '60's—the turboprop Vanguard, and the 600 m.p.h. D.H.121 and Vickers VC.10—will lose none of the versatility of their predecessors.

Taking the D.H.121 as an example, this is designed mainly for use on routes less than 1,000 miles long, operating into airports with runways of 6,000 ft. or less. There are about 1,000 airliners in service or on order for this work, so the potential market is enormous, especially as the D.H.121 will fly stages very much greater than 1,000 miles where longer runways are available.

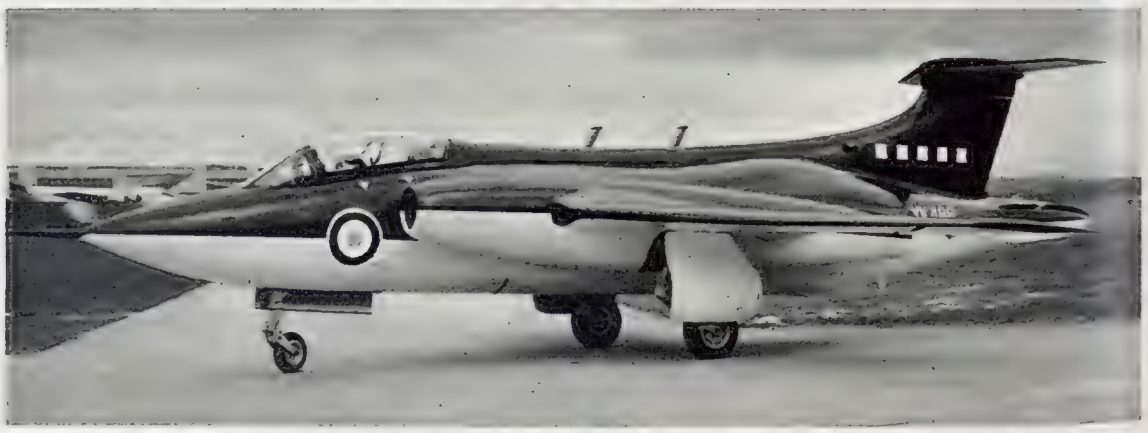
Nor is it likely to have a short life, because the next step beyond 600 m.p.h. is likely to be the supersonic airliner, and there will be little point in using such machines on short or medium stages where they would clip only a few minutes from the journey-time.

Backing up these trunk-route aircraft are the smaller airliners for which Britain has earned such a great reputation since the war. Newest is the Handley Page Herald, powered by two of the same Dart turboprops that are used in the Viscount. Intended to fly with equal efficiency in undeveloped areas or in support of larger turbine-powered types, it will carry forty-seven passengers or over 4½ tons of cargo for 700 miles at 275 m.p.h., making it the perfect replacement for the thousands of DC-3 Dakotas that must soon retire from world service.

Next in size are the Hunting President, with seats for twelve passengers, the 14-17-seat de Havilland Heron and the 8-11-seat Dove, more than 100 of which have been sold in America alone. Nor should we forget the 16-seat Scottish Aviation Twin Pioneer, with a quick take-off performance that almost rivals the helicopter. All of these are simple, handy machines with a dozen uses, ranging from executive travel to air photography and ambulance work ; but for sheer versatility there is little to rival the single-engined Edgar Percival E.P.9. Designed originally for spreading fertiliser over land in New Zealand, it now flies all over the world, carrying everything from passengers to pest-killer.



THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH AW.650 : It has been designed to meet the requirements for a large-capacity civil and military passenger and freight transport. In 1957 the firm announced that it was re-entering the civil aircraft market with the AW.650, powered in its basic form by four Rolls-Royce Dart turboprop engines.



"AHEAD OF ANYTHING IN ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD" : The Blackburn NA.39 has been described as being "really a bomber" and "ahead of anything in its class in the world." It was announced in 1957 that Blackburn was developing a supersonic strike aircraft for the Royal Navy to replace the Westland Wyvern.

The E.P.9 is one of the smallest practical freight aircraft, with a cabin capacity of 185 cu. ft. At the other extreme is the great Blackburn Beverley, with a cargo-hold 40 ft. long, 10 ft. high and 10 ft. wide, able to accommodate up to 20 tons of bulky freight. Soon it will be joined by the new Armstrong Whitworth A.W.650 Freightercoach, powered by four Darts and able to carry eighty passengers or more than 12 tons of payload for 800 miles at nearly 300 m.p.h.

When we add to these aircraft the popular little Auster light planes, it becomes clear that there are few jobs in civil aviation for which the British aircraft industry cannot supply a thoroughly efficient, economical and well-proven design.

The same is true of military aviation, even in the less glamorous roles such as anti-submarine patrol. It is no accident that the Royal Navy, which has unrivalled experience of combating submarines, and the German Navy, with vast experience of operating submarines, have both chosen the turboprop Fairey Gannet for this important task. Similarly, the German Navy has chosen the Armstrong Whitworth Sea Hawk as its standard fighter, although it is a straightwing subsonic

(*Continued on page 455*)

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STREAKING OVER THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE : The leading Gloster Javelin banks during manœuvres. The Javelin was the first twin-engined delta-wing aircraft and the first in Britain to be designed for a specific operational rôle—that of an all-weather fighter.

FOR THE GERMAN NAVY: Three Armstrong Whitworth Sea Hawks flash across the sky on their final test flight. Sixty-eight Mk. 100 and Mk. 101 Sea Hawks have been ordered for the German Navy. The latter has additional electronic equipment.

ONE OF THE MOST VERSATILE OF BRITAIN'S LIGHT AIRCRAFT: The Auster A.O.P. Mk. 9, a three-seater Air Observation Post for the control of artillery fire and for light communications duties, is used in quantity by the Army and Indian Air Force.

THE FAMOUS AVRO VULCAN : It flies high above a densely populated area. The Vulcan, the first jet bomber to employ the delta-wing configuration, is the result of extensive research work with the Avro 707A and 707B. The Vulcan is now in squadron service with the Royal Air Force and is able to carry a powered nuclear bomb.

BRITISH AVIATION AND WORLD MARKETS

(*Continued from page 452*)

design ; because an aircraft able to operate equally well as an interceptor at 40,000 ft. or as a ground-attack fighter is a very worthwhile machine.

It should not be thought, however, that Britain cannot produce aircraft with a performance as good as that of anything else in the world. The Handley Page Victor and Avro Vulcan bombers fly so fast and so high that they would probably have a better chance of getting through to their targets with a hydrogen bomb than any other aircraft in service ; while the superb English Electric P.1 interceptor is second to none, with rocket-boosted top speed of 1,500 m.p.h. and armed with Firestreak missiles that offer near certainty of a kill when the target is brought within range.

There are many others—the Gloster Javelin two-seat fighter that can hunt down its prey at night or in any type of weather ; the little Folland Gnat that offers a first-class interceptor or ground-attack fighter to countries that cannot afford first-class prices ; the powerful de Havilland Sea Vixen and Supermarine Scimitar naval fighters ; the new Blackburn N.A.39 high-speed strike aircraft which is so advanced that the Royal Navy, R.A.F. and U.S. Air Forces are all interested in it ; and a full range of superb guided missiles.

In helicopters, Britain can offer the well-proven Bristol Sycamore and little Saunders-Roe Skeeter, two more of the types chosen to equip the West German air forces, and the Westland range, comprising the Widgeon, Whirlwind and Wessex.

Pointing the way to the future are the 40-seat Westland Westminster and Fairey Rotodyne helicopters, which may one day halve the journey-time between London and Paris by flying direct city centre to city centre services ; the Miles HDM.105 with its incredibly narrow high-lift wings ; and the Short SC.1 research aircraft, successor to the famous Rolls-Royce "Flying Bedstead" and pioneer of a technique that may one day eliminate the need of runways for even huge supersonic airliners.

These, then, are the aircraft that Britain is offering the world to-day and those which are paving the way for the world-beaters of the future. But they represent only part of the industry's export achievements. If we break down the total of more than £50,000,000 earned in the first four months of 1958, we find that over £15,500,000 came from the sale of aero-engines, £1,000,000 from electrical equipment, nearly £190,000 from tyres and nearly £600,000 from instruments.

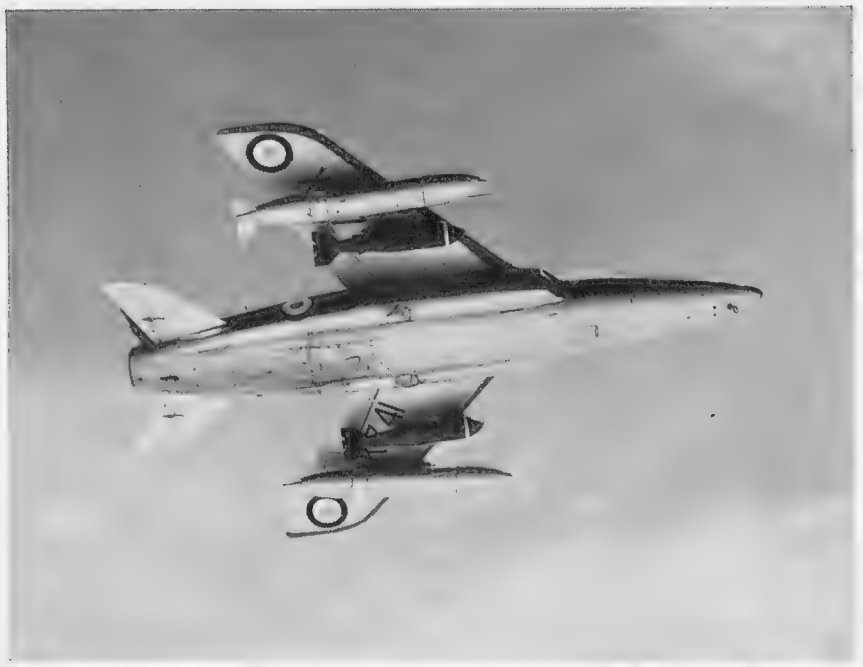
Britain's aero-engines are still the best in the world, chosen to power many of the leading U.S. and Continental aircraft as well as those produced in the United Kingdom. Our radar and radio also are outstanding, to the extent that the Decca Navigator may soon be chosen as the standard world-wide aerial navigation aid, while Kelvin Hughes have already sold to the United States examples of their new Rapid Processing Photographic Projector which can photograph for permanent record the displays on a radar screen, process the film and project it, all within as little as six seconds.

In so little space it is possible to give only a glimpse of an industry that employs over 250,000 persons and may earn as much as £150,000,000 for Britain's export drive this year. But in only three months' time the full range of aircraft, engines and equipment will be displayed in the industry's own annual flying display and exhibition at Farnborough, which has been called with some justification " the greatest show on earth."

A USEFUL LIGHT TRANSPORT: Nearly 500 de Havilland Dove light transports are now operating in a variety of rôles all over the world. The standard commercial model can accommodate up to eleven passengers.

ON TEST AT YEOVIL: The prototype Westland Wessex helicopter belonging to the Royal Navy is being tested on the Company's airfield. It is basically a Sikorsky S-58 with a Napier Gazelle shaft-turbine. The first production Wessex has been completed and is due to start flying tests. The nose has been modified to give air filtration.

THE FAIREY ROTODYNE: Seen in the air during a public demonstration at White Waltham, near Maidenhead, is this remarkable machine, a combination of helicopter and fixed-wing aircraft. The latest figures for the prototype show a vertical rate of climb of 1,300 ft. per minute under partial power and a level speed of 155 m.p.h.



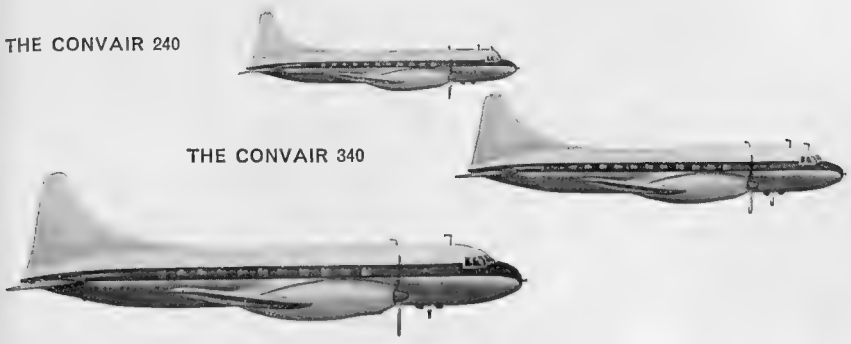
LIGHTWEIGHT AIR POWER: A Folland Gnat 1, one of six ordered by the Ministry of Supply for test purposes, is powered by the Bristol Orpheus medium thrust turbojet. This power unit has been specified for no fewer than fourteen different types of aircraft. The Folland Gnat seen here is carrying two 66-gallon drop-tanks, plus two 500-lb. bombs.

IN THE COLOURS OF THE FEDERAL GERMAN REPUBLIC: The Bristol Type 171 Sycamore was the first rotating-wing aircraft to be built by the Company and is now in service as a civil transport and in a number of military and naval roles throughout the world. With four to five seats, the helicopter has a maximum speed of about 120 m.p.h.

BRITISH AVIATION AND WORLD MARKETS

A CANBERRA WITH A DIFFERENT SHAPE: The latest version is Mark 9 and has been specially designed by English Electric for very high-altitude photographic reconnaissance duties over long distances. With a wingspan increased by 4 ft., the Mark 9 has been ordered in quantity by the R.A.F.

THE SHORT SC 1 : The vertical-take-off research machine, developed from the Flying Bedstead, stands on the platform of the gantry at Short's airfield in Belfast. Tethered to the gantry the aircraft several times rose into the air. This was the start of a series of trials to test the various operations for which the aircraft is designed. It has five Rolls-Royce R.B. 108 jet engines.



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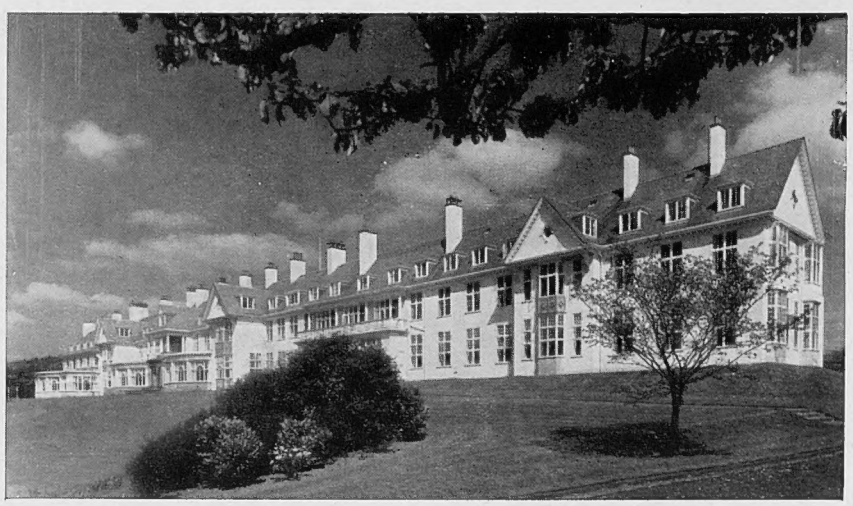

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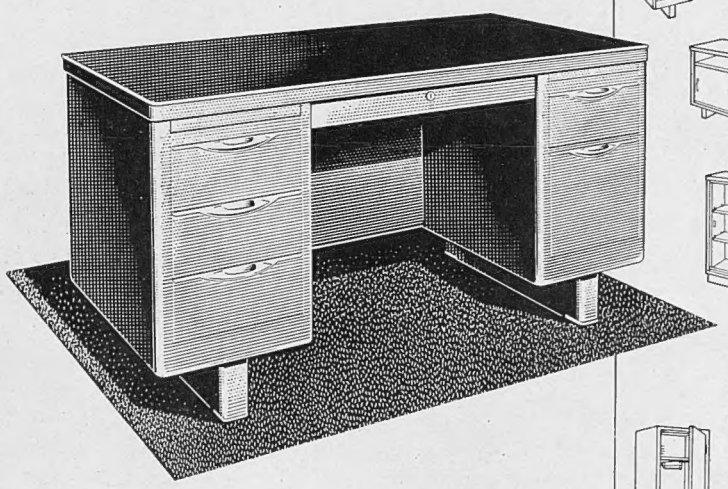

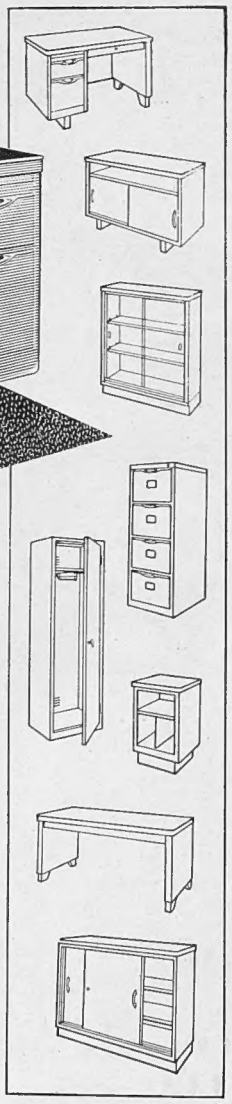

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

NEW DISCOVERIES. Each morning at home, my wife and I stroll around our garden and the same routine is observed again when the birds are engaged in evensong. The non-garden-lover might think that this twice daily perambulation is taken for the sake of exercise. Not a bit of it. It is done for excitement, for we are always making some new discovery. Perhaps the gladioli are raising their spiky heads, or, alas, some enemy has been raiding our seed-beds. Nothing is stationary in your garden or ours, or in that larger garden of Britain, the hotel world. Already we have put the first half of 1958 behind us and now is an opportune time to pause and tell you of some of our new discoveries.

Bovey Tracey, Devon—Coombe Cross Hotel. Not everyone in this motoring age wants to stay in a seaside resort. Many prefer to be within, say, a half-hour run. Then again, there is a good deal to be said when planning a motoring holiday to make one or more central bases rather than pack and re-pack daily. In either case, this small, charmingly furnished hotel has much to recommend it, with Dartmoor (walking distance) on the one side and Torbay (13 miles) on the other. Ably run by the Misses Elizabeth and Ann Hebditch, Coombe Cross has all the character, comfort and cooking that one finds in a private house of good taste. Tel. : 217611. Weekly terms from 7 to 10 gns.

St. Helier, Jersey, C.I.—Ommaroo Hotel. This delectable island has established for itself such a name as a summer holiday resort that it is sometimes overlooked that there are hotels which also cater for winter residents. This long-established family hotel is in the van of Jersey's first-class establishments. Here, at the Ommaroo, winter sunshine is never long absent (the balconied front rooms are suntraps) ; the whole hotel is comfortably centrally-heated and the hotel directorate are fortunate in having Mr. P. R. Bowey as their resident manager, for not only has he a firm grasp of hotel management but he maintains a close watch on the comfort and individual needs of his resident guests. If the idea of wintering in Jersey appeals to you, do not leave it until too late. We were surprised to hear that winter visitors had already started to make their reservations in May. Tel. : Central 93. Winter terms from 9 gns.

Near Burford, Taynton—Montrose Guest House. Only 1½ miles from world-renowned Burford, Taynton throughout the centuries has been famous for its stone. It was used, for example, in the construction of the lovely fan vaulting of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Now, Taynton offers for those who have to take care of their pennies this small guest house which Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Graham acquired, modernised and furnished in the spring of last year.

Good home-cooking, poultry, garden produce and attention to detail are the points which awakened our interest last January and what a pleasant spot to return to when the June roses will be festooning the walls of those attractive Cotswold villages. Tel. : Burford 2139. Weekly terms from 9 gns.

Near Seaford, Sussex—Bishopstone, "Little Hallands." A Harley Street reader asked us about a sequestered corner of Devon, near the sea, where he could get away from the holiday crowd. In replying we raised the query, why go all the way to Devon when this charming hotel and country club nestles in a fold of the Downs away from sight or sound of passing traffic and yet is but two to three miles from the sea. Opened by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crawford in 1957, this part sixteenth-century manor has the graciousness of a home and none of the trappings of an hotel.

Writing of winter residents reminds us of *Bournemouth* and Torquay. In the former, there are hotels to suit all tastes and it was on one winter's night last January that we discovered *Arncott Hall Hotel*, an easy three-minute walk from Bournemouth West Station on the Poole road.

Enlarged twice, since it was opened by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown some thirty years ago, they and their capable daughter set a fine example to their long-service staff.

The result is a most happy atmosphere shared by visitors and staff alike. The whole hotel shines with house-proud cleanliness and this we noticed particularly in the chef's kitchen and larders and was again reflected in the table appointments and in the porcelain of our private bathroom.

Open all the year round, all the rear bedrooms have a quiet garden aspect and as the hotel is set back from the road, the front rooms are by no means noisy.

We found the catering to be of the homely type, quite excellent and most generous. The whole hotel is centrally-heated with the latest type of thermostatically-controlled oil-burning plant. Tel. : Westbourne 63050. Winter terms from 10 to 12 gns.

Torquay—Rosetor Hotel. Here is one of those pleasant medium-sized family hotels, once the home of a famous philanthropist and, since its inception as an hotel, there has been such a strong sense of personal service and value that the Brockman family at times seem to be philanthropists themselves. It was during last February, one of the wettest on record, that we discovered Rosetor. Were we disappointed ? Not one bit, for the elements without enabled us within to appreciate all the more the warmth, comfort, and high standards in catering and service. Looking for an autumn holiday or a comfortable winter home from November to May ? One answer is here—Rosetor.

Nor do our 1958 discoveries end with the above. We have four new London hotels to add to our collection. Three others in Jersey, additional to the Ommaroo. Several new ones in that singularly devoid area of good hotels, Wales, while for motorists in particular we have placed the following in our store-cupboard of knowledge. A "Fox and Hounds," "Three Swans," "Old Oak Cottage," a "Quarry House" and an unusually named inn "The Lopes Arms."

If you are curious, let me end this week's tour of the garden of Britain by saying "To be continued in our next ! "

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
Patronised by Royalty. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central heating. Excellent garage facilities. A.A.***** Tel. : 6560.

CHESTER. THE BLOSSOMS
The atmosphere of the past, the amenities of the present and food and wine to be remembered are characteristics of this famous hotel ; a landmark for three centuries in this lovely old city. Advance reservations are advisable. Tel. : 23186.

CIRENCESTER, Cotswolds. **STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL**
A most hospitable Country Hotel where modern comforts blend happily with seventeenth-century charm. Bedrooms and suites with private bath. Licensed. Renowned cuisine. TV. Free Golf. Tel. : 836.

CONNEL FERRY. **FALLS OF LORA HOTEL**
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly-positioned hotel, fully-licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Tel. : Connel 202.

NEW FOREST, HINTON. **EAST CLOSE HOTEL**
Enjoy the pursuits of the Forest (sands 3 miles) in a country house noted for food and cellar. Tel. : Bransgore 404.

JERSEY, Channel Islands. **OMMAROO HOTEL**
25 yards from sea and a few minutes' walk from town. Special terms for winter residents. Renowned for comfort, service and cuisine. Tel. : Central 93.

KESWICK, ENGLISH LAKES. **LODORE SWISS HOTEL**
60 rooms. Private Bathrooms. Central Heating. New Continental Cocktail Bar—SWISS CUISINE. Children's Nursery, Resident Nurse. Tennis Court. Bathing, fishing, boating. Personal supervision Mrs. M. M. England (SWISS). Res. Prop., R. A. England and M. M. England. Tel. : Borrowdale 227.

LINDFIELD, Sussex. **COUNTY HOTEL**
Mainly residential, warm, very comfortable. Catering considered excellent. Licensed. Quiet. One mile Haywards Heath Station. Resident Director, A. G. Sturdy. Tel. : 2358.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. **CLIFTON ARMS**
Visiting Lancashire—and would appreciate a private bathroom, excellent cuisine and service plus a quiet healthy sea aspect ? Then this is the hotel to make for. Tel. : Lytham 6245.

CHESTER or MERSEYSIDE. Visiting either on business or pleasure, please note
CRAXTON WOOD HOTEL and CLUB
(on Chester/Hoylake road) for luxurious comfort and country contentment. Tel. : Hooton 3111.

PORTSCATHO, S. Cornwall. **ESHCOL HOUSE HOTEL AND CLUB**
Overlooking sandy Gerrans Bay, offers something quite unusual in accommodation, catering and unspoilt scenery. Tel. : 340.

PENZANCE, Cornwall. **QUEEN'S HOTEL**
Facing sea and the south, for holiday or residence at any time of the year. 65 bedrooms. Lift. Generous fare. TV Cocktail Lounge. Excellent train service. Good centre. Tel. : 2371.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. **ST. IVES BAY HOTEL**
(52 bedrooms, some with private bath) occupies commanding position overlooking sea and sands. Dancing, tennis, garage. Children very welcome.

ST. MAWES, S. Cornwall. **HOTEL TRESANTON**
Small and luxurious. Lovely sunny dining-room with first-class food and service. Sailing, fishing. Club Bar. Tel. : 322.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. **THE BELMONT**
First class, fine seafront position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Suites. Bathrooms communicating. Lift. No dancing or music. Fully licensed. Tel. : 1555.

TROON. THE MARINE
One of Scotland's finest hotels, facing the Firth of Clyde and near the lovely Burns' country. Modern, luxurious, furnished for ease, comfort and relaxation. Five famous golf courses, sands, safe bathing, tennis. Tel. : 980.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. **OATLANDS PARK HOTEL**
One of Britain's best-run country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming-pool, Sporting Golf course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres of grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

ALWAYS A GOOD ADDRESS
for honeymoons, holidays or convalescence at any time of the year. Dancing nightly to Ronnie Pleydell and his Band. Golf, tennis, squash, all free to residents. 200 rooms and suites, many overlooking the shimmering waters of Torbay.
Write to Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul.
THE GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY
Tel. : 25234.

A Kodachrome photograph

A fine city, NORWICH

First established by the Normans in the shadow of the great Castle they had built, Norwich market place has for nine centuries been the focal point of this busy and prosperous city. The charming 15th century Guildhall on the right, with its chequered flints, was the centre of local government for over 500 years, until the modern City Hall, seen in the background, was built to satisfy today's requirements.

The scene must have been a familiar one to Thomas Bignold, for he founded the Norwich Union Insurance Societies in an office overlooking the market place more than 150 years ago. No doubt he hoped the business he had started would thrive and expand with the passing years, but did he ever dream that one day the Norwich Union would have millions of satisfied policy-holders throughout the world?

NORWICH UNION

INSURANCE SOCIETIES, NORWICH

150 years of Service

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